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MISSILE

MAY, 1948

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THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXXVI

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1948

No. 1

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whose kindly interest, wise counsel, and generous willingness to share his profound knowledge of the history of this city have aided our student authors materially in the achievement of historical accuracy in the articles on the siege of Petersburg, this number of the Missile is gratefully dedicated.

Petersburg High School

Senior Section

1 9 4 8



.. Class Poem ..

JUNE HARVEST

By MARGARET L. MCBRIDE

*The farmer plods along the field;
With plow he upturns earth to yield
A damper richness hid from view;
A pause to sift some through his hand
And offer thanks for fertile land.*

*Each seed is given tenderest care,
Each one is blessed with sun and air,
Each watered, watched o'er as it grows;
Then reap and bind and shock and thresh,
Both seed and man to start afresh.*

*Like grains of wheat we then go forth,
Ahead, a chance to prove our worth.
Your guiding hand has shown the way
To new exciting days ahead;
We're glad and sad, but unafraid.*



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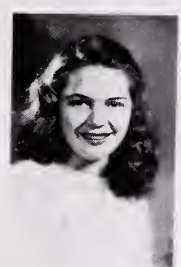
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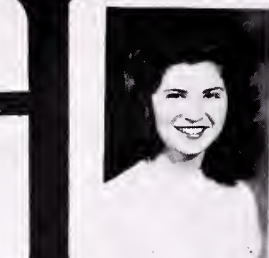
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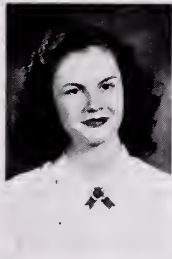
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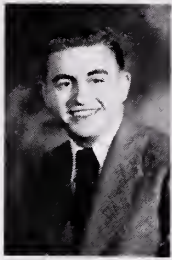
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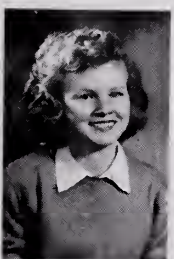
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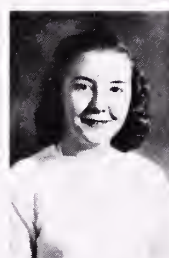
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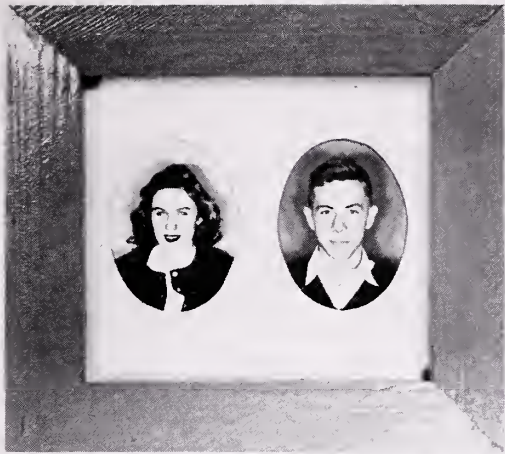
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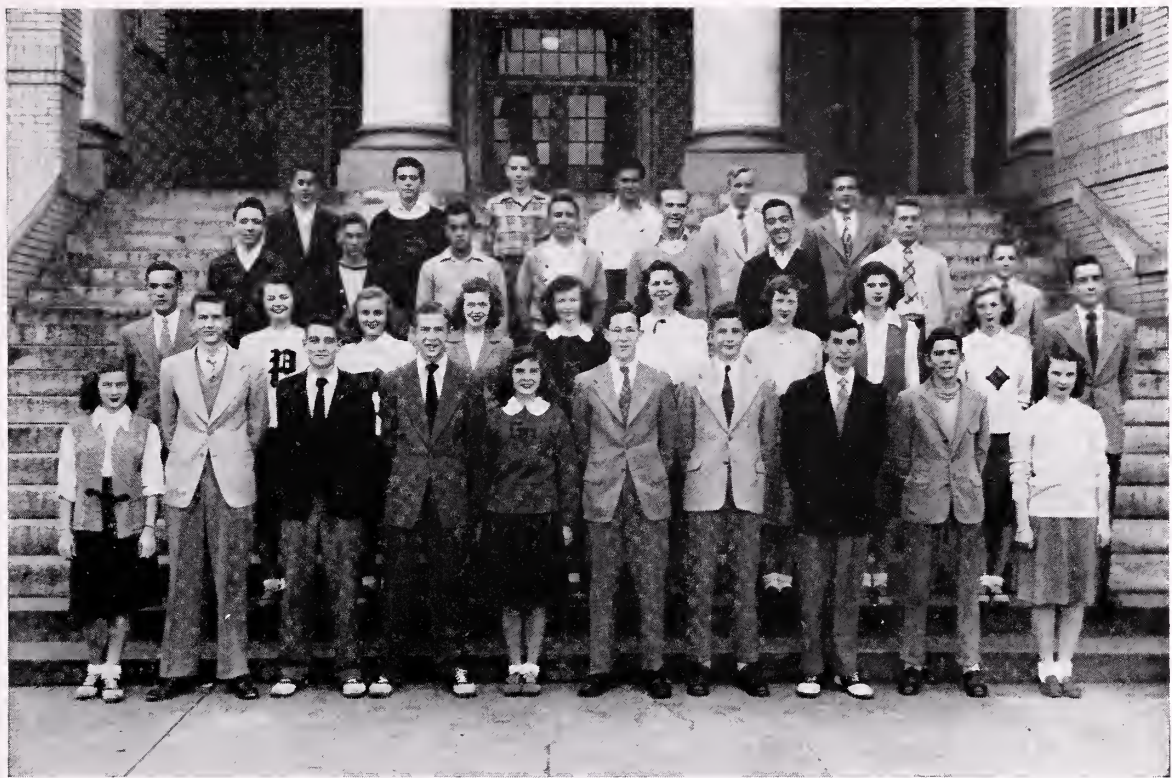
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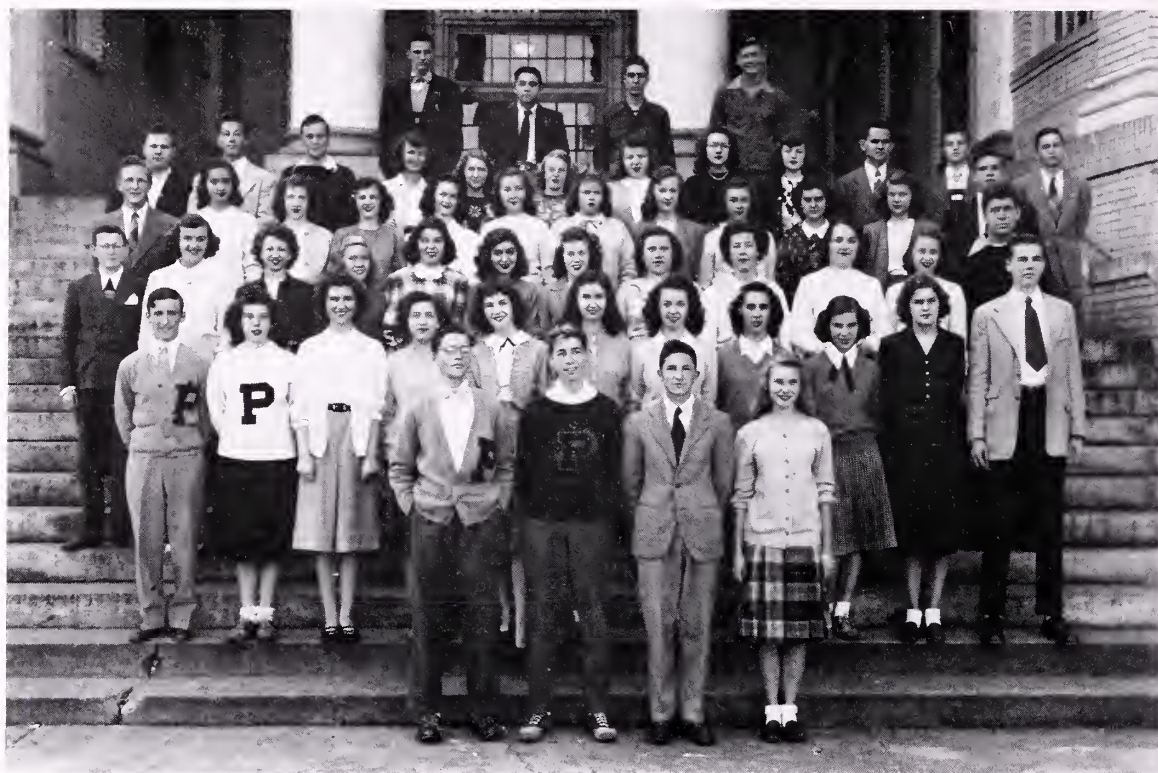
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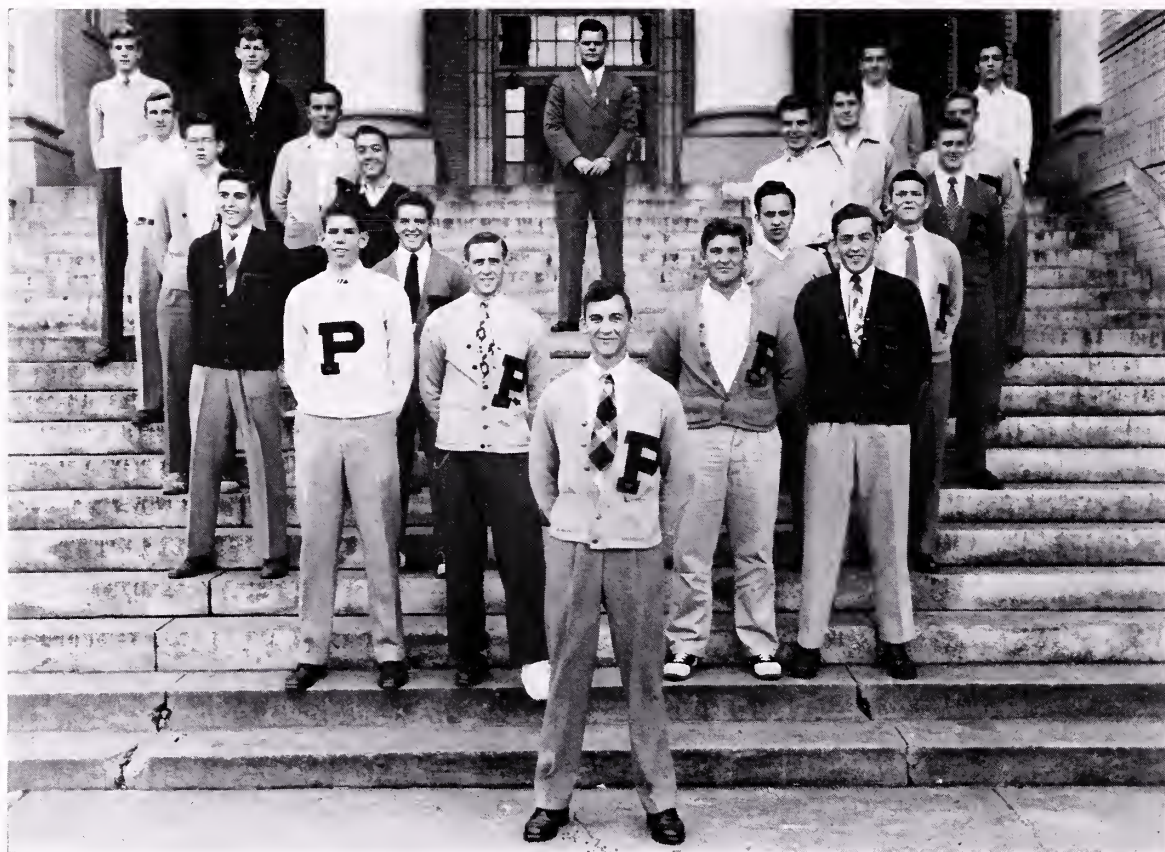


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Fourth Row

Feigh Hart
Elizabeth Sexton
Dorothy Porter
Emma Jean Edwards
Joyce Westmoreland



SQUARE CIRCLE

Fall Term

President Feigh Hart
Vice-President Jean Grigg
Secretary-Treasurer Anne Doak
Faculty Adviser Mrs. Pauline Robertson

Spring Term

President Anne Doak
Vice-President Jean Fear
Secretary-Treasurer Catherine Whittle

First Row

Jean Grigg
 Feigh Hart
 Susan Seward

Second Row

Ann Williams
 Jean Liverman
 Joyce Ann Cain
 Anne Doak

Third Row

Judy Morris
 Jean Fear
 Frances Agel
 Betty Ralston
 Lois Smith

Fourth Row

Nancy Waggoner
 Margery Lloyd
 Mrs. Pauline Robertson

Fifth Row

Delight Strole
 Lillian Calley
 Pat Bain

Standing above

Catherine Whittle
 Frances Reese
 Anabel Reese
 Nancy Deibert



ODD GIRLS CLUB

Fall Term

President Phyllis Pond
Vice-President Frances Mann
Secretary Peggy Cogle
Treasurer Nancy Howerton
Faculty Adviser Mrs. Sue Leftwich

Spring Term

President Frances Mann
Vice-President Charlotte Warren
Secretary Peggy Cogle
Treasurer Nancy Howerton

First Row

Barbara Pulley
 Phyllis Pond
 Nancy Howerton
 Frances Mann

Second Row

Gloria Fenderson
 Peggy Cogle
 Charlotte Warren

Third Row

Alice Grey Kroll
 Winnie Dunnivant
 Nancy Jordan

Fourth Row

Margaret Wells
 Jane Goodman

Standing: Top to bottom

Mrs. Sue Leftwich
 Emmie Pulley
 Marjorie Nease
 Boots Johnson
 Betty Lou Millar
 Sylvia Reames
 Ann Day
 Ann Joyce Downing



GOOBER PEP CLUB

Fall Term

President Emma Jean Campbell
Vice-President Nan Evans
Secretary Peggy Lou McBride
Treasurer Jean Baxter
Faculty Adviser Miss Nell Burns

Spring Term

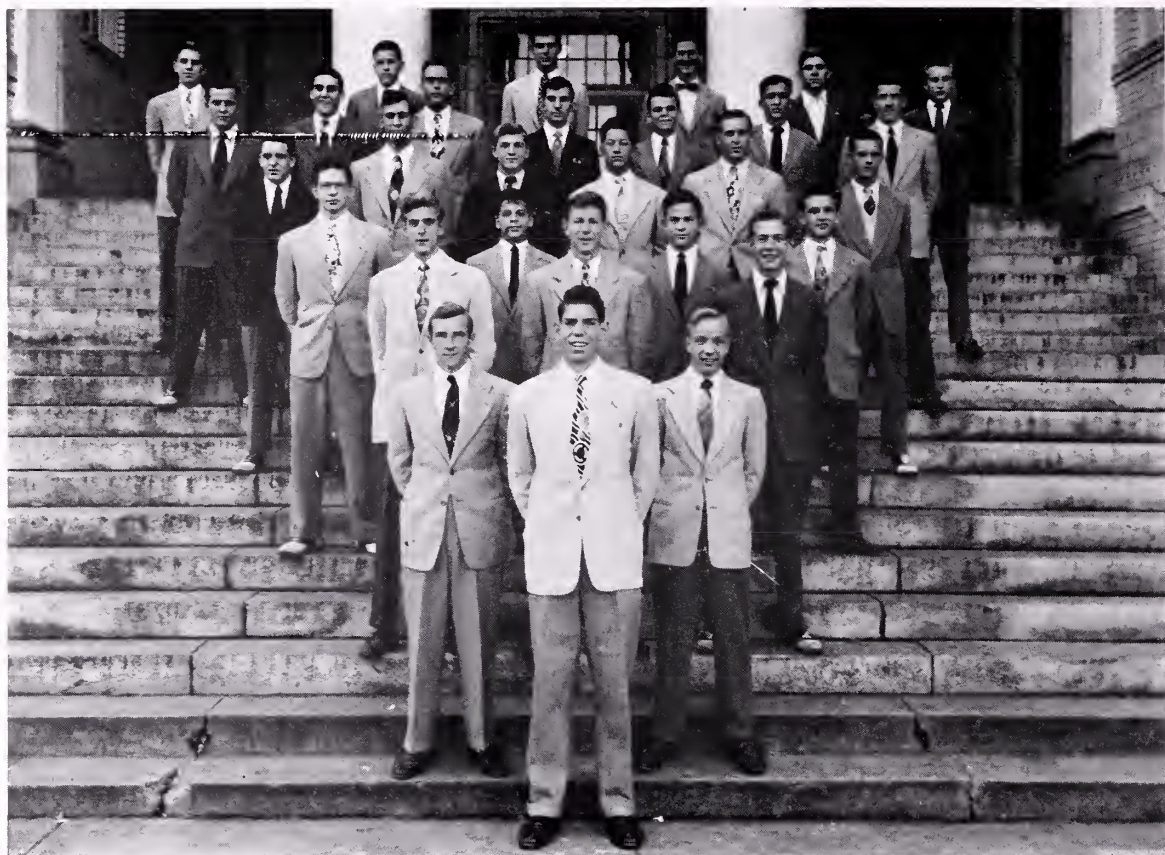
President Jean Baxter
Vice-President Jean Wallace
Secretary Nancy Evans
Treasurer Joan Hawkins

First Row

Virginia Prichard
 Jean Wallace
 Betsy Booth
 Patsy Kirkland
 Jean Baxter
 Emma Jean Campbell
 Nan Evans
 Joan Hawkins
 Mary E. Linderman
 Joann Allen
 Peggy Lou McBride

Second Row

Miss Neil Burns
 Ernestine Hall
 Nancy Steel
 Nancy Dalton
 Shirley Williams
 Helen Thacker
 Martha Hinton
 Betsy Hesse



MEADE HI-Y CLUB

Fall Term

<i>President</i>	Bert Stubblebine
<i>Vice-President</i>	Bill Scott
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Alton Kersey
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Richard Halbert
<i>Chaplain</i>	Sherwood Churn
<i>Sponsor</i>	Lt. Col. J. O. Woods

Spring Term

<i>President</i>	Sherwood Churn
<i>Vice-President</i>	Richard Halbert
<i>Secretary</i>	Charles Snyder
<i>Treasurer</i>	Bobby Adkins
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Paul Gillespie
<i>Chaplain</i>	Jimmy Sandford

First Row
Bert Stubblebine

Second Row
Richard Halbert
Bill Scott

Fifth Row
Jimmy Traylor
Gene Barlow
Billy Holland
Ralph Rogers
Bill Stevens
Gilbert Ridout

Third Row
Billy Marshall
Alton Kersey
Sherwood Churn

Sixth Row
Paul Gillespie
Walter Barnes
Dick Mundy
Wellford Moore
Billy Smith
Jimmy Sandford

Fourth Row
Robert Adkins
Charles Snyder
Tommy Prince
Donnie Merrill

Seventh Row
Bill McClung
Bill Powers
Bobby McElroy
Leo Allen
Tom Moore
Thad Redmond



COCKADE HI-Y CLUB

Fall Term

<i>President</i>	Charles Pollard
<i>Vice-President</i>	David Graham
<i>Secretary</i>	Clarence Williams
<i>Treasurer</i>	Pete Zappulla
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Carlton Inge
<i>Chaplain</i>	Bobby Berry
<i>Sponsor</i>	Mr. Jack Roof

Spring Term

<i>President</i>	Billy Pollard
<i>Vice-President</i>	Bobby Scott
<i>Secretary</i>	Bill Hutto
<i>Treasurer</i>	George Harvey
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Walter Hutto
<i>Chaplain</i>	Gordon Winfield

Clockwise

Charles Pollard
Pete Zappulla
Clarence Williams
Bobby Scott
Bill Hutto
Ronnie Mann
Freddie Bisger

Gordon Winfield
Billy Allen
Bobby Lockett
Kenneth Holt
Jimmy Mayton
Preston Minton
Danny Parker
Billy Gilliam

Bill Drewry
Paul Lamb
Lloyd Smith
George Harvey
Steve White
Phil Kirkpatrick
Jack Schoeb
Tom Poor

Billy Pollard
Charles Sherry
Walter Hutto, Jr.
Bobby Berry
David Graham
Carlton Inge



WARNER TRI-HI-Y CLUB

Fall

President Ann Tunstall
Vice-President Joanne Stevens
Secretary Ann Enniss
Treasurer Joyce Turner

Spring

Joanne Stevens
 Betty Kidd
 Ann Enniss
 Nancy Butler

Chaplain Joyce Orcutt
Faculty Advisers Miss Lucille Sommer
 and Mrs. Courtney Frederick

First Row

Emma Brown
 Lois Maile
 Joyce Turner
 Ann Tunstall
 Ann Enniss
 Jacqueline Reese
 Betty Ann Kidd

Second Row

Jean Elmore
 Connie Rushmore
 Helen Jones
 Betty Bullock
 Nancy Jordan
 Jean Walker

Third Row

Nancy Butler
 Joyce Orcutt
 Betty Jane Simmons
 Dolly Davis
 Dorothea Orndoff

Fourth Row

Caroline Wohlheuter
 Carolyn Lyons
 Barbara Wells
 Pat Abbott

Fifth Row

Lena Frances Simmons
 Peggy Parrish

Sixth Row

Ann Fischer



CHEER LEADERS

Head Cheer Leader Sally Wood
Faculty Adviser Miss Mary Bailey

First Row
 Sally Wood

Second Row
 Betsy Booth
 Roy Anderson
 Jean Wallace
 Patsy Kirkland
 Erline Pulley
 Rose Frost
 Boots Johnson

Third Row
 Buddy Rawlings
 Frances Mann
 Pete Porter
 Alice Grey Kroll
 Billy Young
 Emma Jean Campbell
 Miss Mary Bailey



FOOTBALL TEAM

Co-Captains Bill Stevens, Charlie Lanier
Coaches Mr. R. C. Day, Mr. Frank Bowers,
 Mr. Robert Kilbourne

First Row

Robert Davis
 Paul Gillespie
 Jimmie Traylor
 Richard Halbert
 Robert Talbott
 Bill Stevens, Co-captain
 Jack Kodrich
 Bert Stubblebine
 Charlie Lanier, Co-captain
 Gene Barlow
 Edward Halbert
 Jerry Evans
 Robert Spivey

Second Row

Billy Holland
 Robert Adkins
 Bobby Clements
 Bill Rigby
 Leo Allen
 Jimmy Blankenship
 Nick Daniels
 Preston Harrison
 Edward Bracy
 Dick Burton
 Howard Wamsley

Third Row

Ed Durand
 Johnny Cates
 John Bowman
 Ed Tench
 Raymond Tyrus
 Preston Williamson
 Bobby Berry
 Sherwood Churn
 Charles Williams
 Freddie Bisger
 Henry Simmons

Fourth Row

Allan Ramsey
 Jimmy Sandford
 Jimmy Clayton
 William Powers
 Steve White
 David Totty
 Horace Wheelhouse
 Pete Zappulla



BASEBALL TEAM

Captain Alton Kersey

Manager Jimmy Perkins

Coach Mr. Roland Day

First Row

Donald Traylor
Thomas Pond
Alton Kersey
Jimmy Haskins
Rudy Koilman
Clarence Williams
Aubrey McCants

Second Row

Bobby Simmons
Al Stevens
Richard Burton
Nolton Jackson
Jimmy Scott
Ed Bracy

Third Row

Robert Davis
Billy Smith
Boyden Ridout
Preston Harrison
Rusty Blankenship
Tommy Prince



TRACK TEAM

Captain Frank Scott

Manager David Totty

Coach Mr. Robert Kilbourne

First Row

Jimmy Sandford
Carlton Inge
Bobby Lockett
John Lewis
Frank Scott
Bill Haskins
Walter Barnes
Nick Daniels
Frank Humphlett

Second Row

Harold Grutchfield
Bobby Scott
Bob Rennicks
Olin Ferguson
Johnny Mayer
Charles Holleman
Bobby Berry
Steve White
Floyd Akins

Third Row

Bucky Gill
Robert Spivey
Edward Durand
David Laushey
Frank Warner
Dan Jones
Raymond Tyus

Fourth Row

Pete Zappulla
Charles Lanier
Robert Atkins
Jimmy Traylor
Oliver Pollard
Carl Driskill



Girls' Hockey Team

Co-Captains Barbara Pulley, Phyllis Pond
Coach Miss Ann Van Landingham

First Row

Clara Mae Rosser
 Margie Costello
 Marjorie Gibbs
 Rebecca Porter
 Martha Ann Traylor
 Phyllis Pond
 Barbara Pulley
 Frances Reese
 Marjorie Andrews
 Louise Smelley
 June Tucker
 Julia Birdsong

Second Row

Barbara Bridger, Manager
 Ann Joyce Downing
 Betty Sheffield
 Evelyn Gibbs
 Shirley Seward
 Mary Ann Crawford
 Patsy Newsom
 Evelyn Radcliffe
 Carolyn Lyons
 Jeanie Partin
 Betsy Talbott
 Davidina Partin
 Polly Leath
 Ann Wall
 Sadie Mae Reese
 Ann Fitzgerald
 Jean Elmore
 Ann Fischer
 Ann Van Landingham, Coach



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Captain Frances Reese
Coach Miss Ann Van Landingham

First Row

Marjorie Gibbs
 Marjorie Costello
 Jean Fowlkes
 Betsy Talbott
 Frances Reese
 Carolyn Lyons
 Patsy Kirkland
 Barbara Pulley
 Mary Lou Moorman

Second Row

Clara Mae Rosser
 Vera Bryant
 Ann Williams
 Helen Harrison
 Jean Fear
 Jeanie Partin
 Evelyn Radcliffe
 Davidina Partin
 Ann Fischer

A U T O G R A P H S

Historical Section

From Ft. McGilvray to Ft. Sampson, thence to Hatcher's Run

Federal secondary line: From Ft. Bross to Ft. Cummings

Original Confederate Line (Winnsboro Line): From Battery 1 to Battery 27
 Second Confederate Line (Harris Line): From River west of Federal line to Battery 27



Headquarters of
General
Robert E. Lee

Copy of map by

U.S. Engineer Office

of Petersburg National Military Park

FOREWORD . . .

By WILLIAM SCOTT



PETERSBURG'S chief importance in the War Between the States was its strategic location in reference to Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. At this time Petersburg was one of the main railroad junction points of the surrounding states, and through the city passed most of the supplies needed to defend Richmond. Of the three railroads which led from the south to Richmond, two of them met at Petersburg, and therefore the cutting of these lines would almost certainly bring about the fall of the capital. It was this fact which precipitated the siege of Petersburg, nine terrible months of constant bombardment, one of the longest sieges in the records of modern warfare. This war was the first in which railroads were used to any great extent to move supplies and men, and the Confederate forces made the greatest possible use of these vital links in transportation by shuttling troops back and forth where they were needed and by shipping ammunition to the armies farther south from the great munition works at Richmond. These three railroad lines, the Petersburg and Weldon and the Southside into Petersburg and the Richmond and Danville railroad out of Richmond, were the Army of Northern Virginia's only means of supply from the rich agricultural belt of the states in the far south and the equally rich Valley of Virginia. This siege was the culmination of Grant's eternal flanking movement around the Confederate right wing, and it was to decide the outcome of the war.

June 9, 1864. This was a day long remembered by the townspeople, so much so that it is celebrated as Memorial Day here. On that day Brigadier General Kautz with a detachment of superbly armed and mounted cavalry troops encircled the right flank of Petersburg's outer defenses and swept up upon the city unopposed except by a small body of local militia who, though overwhelmingly outnumbered, held until aid was dispatched. Such was the initial attack on Petersburg, and perhaps if this advantage had been followed up quickly, there would have been no siege, but six precious days elapsed before the next battle, giving the Confederates time to make certain that this was not a feint, but the main attack—time to reinforce the city. The second engagement before the city began on June 15 and lasted for three days, but still the Federal forces were unable to crash through the line of defenses and so the long, drawn-out siege was begun which was not to end for nearly a year.

On July 30, 1864 occurred the most famous battle in this area, the battle of the Crater. On that day a mine, which had long been suspected by the Confederates, but never found, was exploded directly beneath one of the Southern batteries, killing and maiming hundreds of soldiers. Into this breach in the lines poured the Federals and, demoralized, the Confederate troops were forced to retreat. However, because of poor leadership, the Union force soon became disjointed and orderless, and immediately the Southern troops counterattacked. After a long, bloody struggle the Confederates were able to turn what had seemed to be a complete victory for the North into an overwhelming defeat.

This grim battlefield, like the others surrounding Petersburg, has gradually been changed by nature into the same age-old pattern of the landscape that it was a part of before the war, but still there remain scars, slashes across the fields, which, though partly covered, have not yet been erased by time.

About this time in the campaign a very daring maneuver was executed by a Confederate officer, General Hampton, who, with a small body of guerillas succeeded in capturing approximately 2000 head of badly needed cattle from a Union base at Coggin's Point. These came at a time when supplies were beginning to become low in Petersburg, and beef was a welcome change from the sparse rations of the Confederate soldier.

On August 25 one of the first and heaviest of the never-ending attacks on the Southern railway lines took place at Reams' Station, south of Petersburg on the Weldon Railroad. Though the attack was repulsed, a considerable section of track was torn up and until it was repaired a severe drop in supplies reaching Richmond was felt by the Southern troops. From this time on, because of the continuous raids upon the railroads, the Confederates could never be sure of the security of their supplies, and each successive raid brought a little nearer the final collapse of the transportation system.

The long, drawn-out winter which followed this summer of intense struggle, and which brought so much deprivation and suffering to the Southern ranks was marked by the incessant bombardment of the city and of its communication lines. This continuous shelling had its desired effect of wearing down the opposition, and at the approach of spring it became apparent to the Confederate general staff that their only hope lay in a last desperate effort to break the ever-tightening siege lines around the city. So it was that this plan, called the last piece of grand strategy attempted by the Army of Northern Virginia, was formulated—a plan improbable to succeed under the best conditions and almost hopelessly doomed to failure now. Nevertheless, plans were laid and the lines were surveyed to find the best spot for an attempted break through. Scouts brought back reports that on either side of Fort Stedman, a strong Federal fort separated

from the Confederate line by only 300 yards, lay another Northern fort and it was decided that this would be the center of the attack. A strong force of shock troops was to break through at Fort Stedman and, spreading out, try to capture the other forts, turn their guns on the Union siege line, and perhaps lift the siege. Accordingly, on the morning of March 25, 1865, the attack was begun. The Confederate troops immediately overran Fort Stedman and rushed on to attack the other forts. These forts, however, because of inaccurate scouting reports, could not be found, and at nightfall the remnants of a powerful striking force filtered back to the Confederate lines, completely demoralized. This defeat signified the beginning of the end for Petersburg, and, more important, for Richmond. Six days later, at the Battle of Five Forks, it was clear that the end was at hand. In this engagement the Southern forces were completely routed and the Weldon and Southside railroads, which had been Petersburg's main reason for being so stoutly defended, were cut by the Federal forces. Orders to evacuate the city were given and almost immediately came the news of a breakthrough of the inner lines of defense at Fort Gregg, southwest of Petersburg. However, in one of the more heroic actions of an heroically fought war a handful of Confederate soldiers closed the opening in the lines, and threw back the overwhelming blue tide with heavy loss of life. This was not to last though, and soon little Fort Gregg was in the hands of the enemy. It had accomplished its purpose, however, a delaying action which afforded the evacuating troops some protection, but the troops marched south to Appomattox with the realization that the Southern cause was doomed and this long, weary struggle was over.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT:

The writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, author of *R. E. Lee* and *Lee's Lieutenants*, by whom a personal interview was granted.



Thoughts on Seeing a Civil War Battlefield

By ROY ANDERSON

*The day was cold, the rain came down;
Alone and cold was I.
I heard a spirit voice repeat
The ancient battle cry.
This battlefield is hallowed ground:
My forebears here did die.*

*A mighty oak tree towers high,
Where once true heroes bled.
A dull brown branch lies on the ground,
A symbol of the dead;
An everlasting monument
To those who weren't afraid.*

*Although 'twas here that hordes were slain,
My spirit fills with pride
To know that those who gave their lives
Have never really died,
Because the memory of them
Forever shall abide.*

The Railroads and The Siege of Petersburg

By NANCY EVANS



IN 1864, when Grant was looking around for a way to break through Lee's barricade and enter Richmond, his eye fell on Petersburg and stopped. Here was an ideal spot. Besides being connected by railroad with City Point, which was held by Grant, and Richmond, it was also the junction of railroads from the south and west. On top of that, Grant, by taking Norfolk, had rendered the railroad between that city and Petersburg useless. (This railroad is now a part of the lines belonging to the Norfolk and Western Railroad). Therefore, if the railroad running between Richmond and Petersburg could be cut, Lee would no longer be able to get fresh troops or supplies from the rest of the Confederacy and would have to surrender sooner or later.

Thus it was that when Grant opened his campaign against Petersburg on May the 5th and 6th he sent his troops to Bermuda Hundred. From there they were to sever this all-important railroad. The first battle was fought at Port Walthall Junction.

In the beginning of this battle, the Confederates had as few as 600 men, who were under Colonel Graham, as opposed to the enemy's 40,000, but gradually as the day and battle wore on, more Confederate companies arrived until finally their number reached 2,668 infantry, under the informal command of General D. H. Hill. During the several skirmishes that followed, the Federals were only able to break the telegraph wires and to tear up about 500 yards of railway track. So, to all intents and purposes, the South was able to hold the Petersburg-Richmond Railroad even though at a great loss of men.

Next on Grant's plan came the Petersburg-Weldon Railroad. This line connected Petersburg with Weldon and further south with Wilmington, North Carolina. At the present day, this railroad is a part of the Atlantic Coast Line.

Meanwhile, General August V. Kautz and his cavalrymen had burned the Weldon Railway bridge at Stony Creek and early on the 8th had attacked it at the Nottoway River about six miles north of Jarratt's Depot and about five miles south of Stony Creek. Even though the small garrison of defenders fought bravely, Kautz left with another bridge burning behind him.

It was now necessary for supplies to be hauled from the Nottoway River to Stony Creek and thence to Petersburg. This, of course, slowed things up considerably.

June 21st and 22nd was the scene of another cavalry raid against the Weldon Railroad. This time Brigadier General James H. Wilson was in command and, although he did much damage to the road, "Billy" Mahone had found a gap in the ranks, plunged in and taken 1600 prisoners. Wilson then struck westward and succeeded in destroying some thirty miles of the Southside Railroad before he was turned at the Staunton River by Wade Hampton, who chased him back to Reams' Station where Mahone was waiting. Before he got stopped, though, Wilson had destroyed sixty miles of railroad.

Petersburg lost the Weldon Railroad on August 19th and in doing so lost all direct communication with the Southern Confederacy.

In this battle, which began on August 16th and was fought around the Globe Tavern, the Confederates under A. P. Hill again made a fine showing, having taken 2,700 prisoners, and it was in this battle that Hagood's Brigade, to which a monument now stands at the far end of the Military Park Road, distinguished itself. Later Mahone made a furious attack against the Federals, but was unable to dislodge the stubborn enemy.

Because Petersburg was now left with only the Southside Railroad in its possession, many attempts were made to regain this Weldon Railroad. The Battle at Reams' Station, in which Wade Hampton was particularly outstanding, was a Confederate victory as far as men lost and captured were concerned, but the railroad itself was never completely recovered.

The Confederates' last hope as far as Petersburg was concerned lay in holding the Southside Railway which connected with Lynchburg. (This railroad still runs to Lynchburg and is a part of the Norfolk and Western Railroad). To this end, all the troops that could be spared were stationed at its vital points.

At the end of October, determined to bring this railroad within his lines, Grant, accompanied by Meade and some 30,000 infantry, together with Gregg's cavalry, set out to see what could be done. A. P. Hill and Wade Hampton met and defeated this formidable Federal foe when it was only six miles from the railroad.

Still, after the Battle of Five Forks, the Southside Railroad was doomed and with it Petersburg. In fact, Richmond was doomed, too, because the only way to get to Richmond by railroad was on the Danville Railroad via Burkeville.

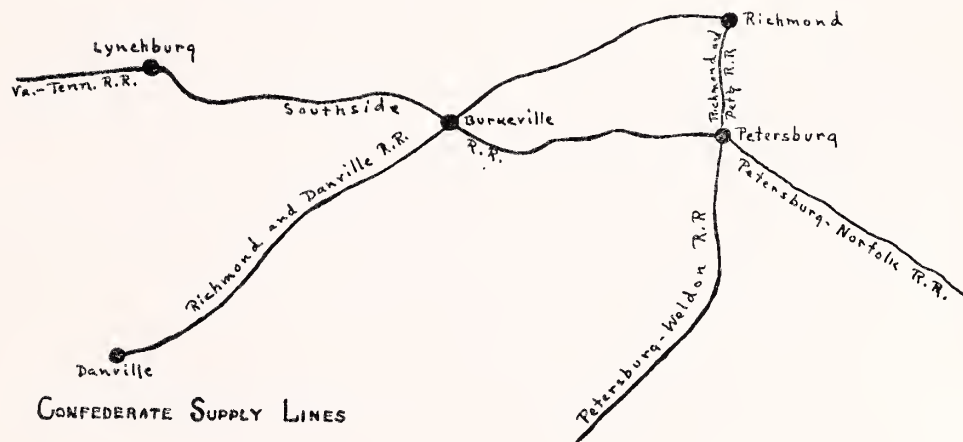
(See map). So, Lee, sending his supplies on ahead by railroad, left Petersburg to the Federals on April 2nd, 1865.

SOURCES:

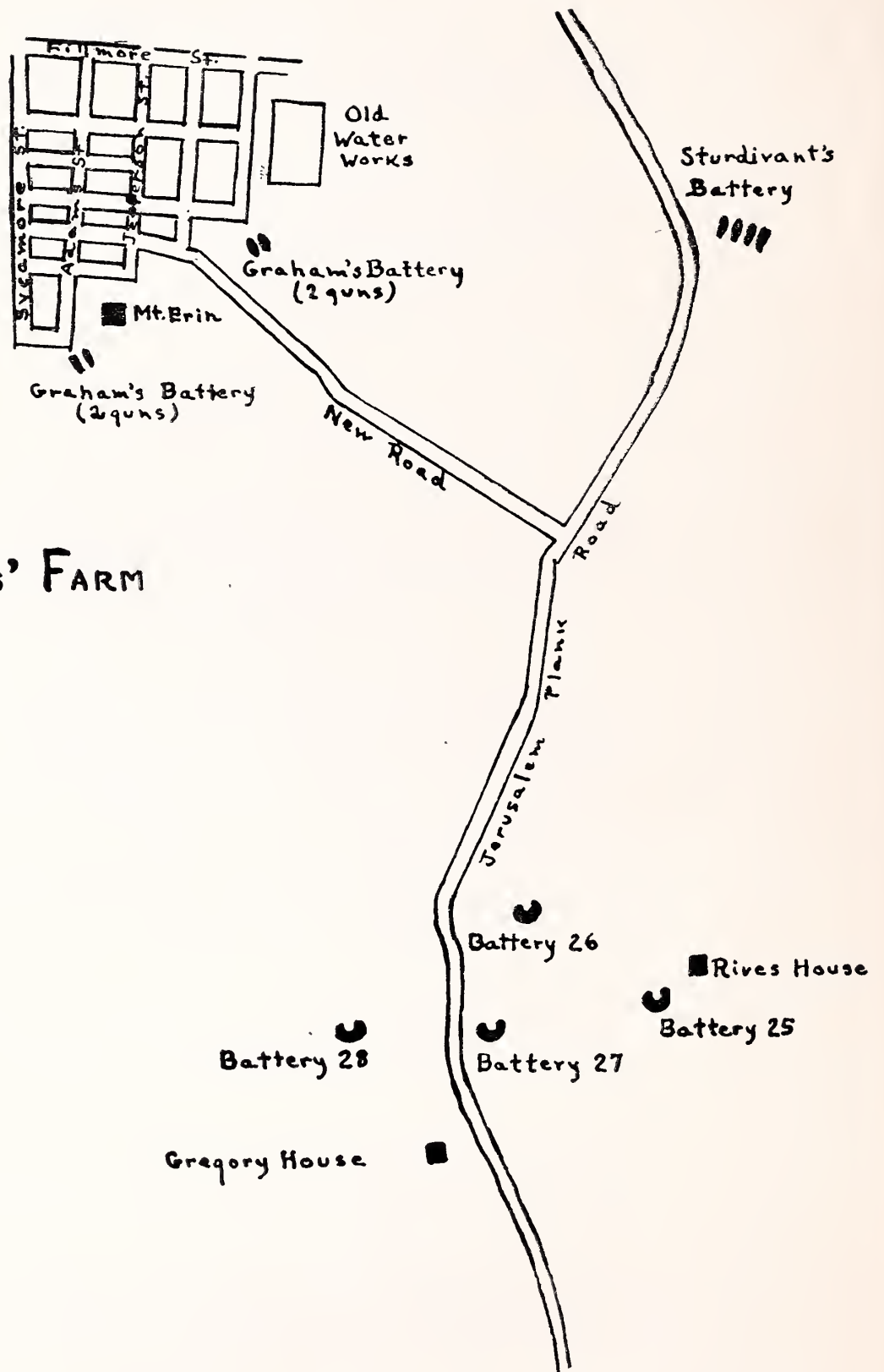
Volume III *Lee's Lieutenants* by Douglas Southall Freeman.

Volume 17 *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, article by Major George Redway.

Along Petersburg Streets by Edward A. Wyatt IV.



BATTLE OF RIVES' FARM



The Battle of Rives' Farm

By JOHN GREENWOOD



HERE the Jerusalem plank road intercepts Route 301, there is a lonely monument erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the one hundred and twenty-five valiant defenders of Petersburg who gave their utmost to save their city from a relentless foe. Let us go back into time and witness the actual battle of June 9th, the most neglected battle of the War Between the States, and yet the battle that probably prolonged the war fully ten months.



The smooth concrete road crumbles, many of the buildings around this spot disappear, and, in place of the fortifications which Colonel Harris reformed and enlarged, we see the simple lunettes which were a part of the original Dimmock line. In their places there is a skeleton crew of one hundred and twenty-five men performing their usual Thursday morning chores. Originally, there were five full companies,¹ but since General Butler confined himself to the northern side of the Appomattox River, it was thought unnecessary to keep so many local troops together.

A messenger rode up before the commandant's tent with a communication from Colonel Harrison, the commanding officer of the Forty-Sixth Regiment of Virginia volunteers, warning him that on the night of June 8th General Gillmore had crossed the Appomattox with six thousand men and was headed for Petersburg from the east, while General Kautz was approaching from the south on the Jerusalem plank road with an estimated eighteen hundred² cavalrymen.

When he had read this report, Major Fletcher H. Archer ordered the skeleton crew to fall in. It was a sorry looking band of soldiers that stared back at the commandant. There were boys with the peach fuzz on their cheeks, men with silver in their hair,³ but in each there was the grim determination to fight and repulse or fight and die.

The five companies constituting a small part of General Henry A. Wise's

¹ Page 114 "War Talks of Confederate Veterans."

² Kautz claimed that he had 1300 men.

³ Page 116 "War Talks."

command were placed between batteries 25 and 30. The road that passed between batteries 27 and 28 was barricaded with an old wagon, and it was at these lunettes that the fighting took place.

Between the Confederates and General Kautz's cavalry was a stretch of wooded area so dense that the skeleton force had no idea of the type of attack that the enemy might use. Suddenly, a cloud of dust was seen down the road, but no one was able to distinguish whether the horsemen were friends or foes. When Yankee uniforms were discerned through the dust the men were ordered to hold their fire until the enemy cavalry was upon them. In a second the thunder of horses' hoofs was drowned by the volley of rifles which brought down three Yankees and one horse and caused the remaining troops to flee far down the road, while no Southerner was injured. This was certainly a moral victory for the defenders and made them more determined than ever to hold their ground.

During this lull in the fray, General Colston arrived, and a little later five men commanded by a sergeant brought in one piece of artillery to the gray lines from Sturdivant's battery, but the ammunition instead of being shells, as the defenders so fervently hoped, was only round shot. Major Archer discovered this when, being under attack by sharpshooters who had occupied the Gregory home, he ordered the sergeant to shell that house and was told that there were no shells.⁴ However, this one cannon gave a very excellent account of itself, and the four men who were alive at the end of the battle were justly proud of themselves and their gun. The other two men fell beside it and died the unhappy death of heroes.

Meanwhile, Lt. G. V. Scott's force at battery 25 at Rives' farm was reenforced by men from Captain Wolff's company. While Kautz had his artillery and sharpshooters blasting the front lines, a force was sent around the Confederate left flank and easily gained the rear of the gray lines due to the scarcity of men. The Rives house was captured and Lt. Scott's force at the lunette was caught between a murderous crossfire. Scott himself was severely wounded in the leg and face while his men were butchered. The company under Captain Alfriend tried to aid their comrades, but it was soon found out that the goal toward which they had set out was impossible to attain. It was one of the miracles of the War Between the States that anyone staggered out of that crossfire alive.

Word had been sent to Captain Edward Graham to report to Petersburg that morning. When he learned what was going on, Graham and his men sped to Blandford only to learn that the enemy was on the southern entrance to the city. They then swept down Bollingbrook Street and careened up Sycamore at a sweeping gallop with the cannon bumping along behind them. Women and children lined the streets as their rescuers sped along. Wounded men at the

⁴ Page 119 "War Talks."

Poplar Lawn hospital remarked that never had any battery gone into action so swiftly.⁵

Kautz had divided his men into two divisions, one approaching the city by way of the plank road and the other more directly by the old water works. As the latter drew near, Graham arrived at the last possible second and commenced firing and shelling the blue-coated enemy, and, when the Yankees had halted, the Southerners rushed down the hill firing their carbines. Needless to say, the hostile troops fled.

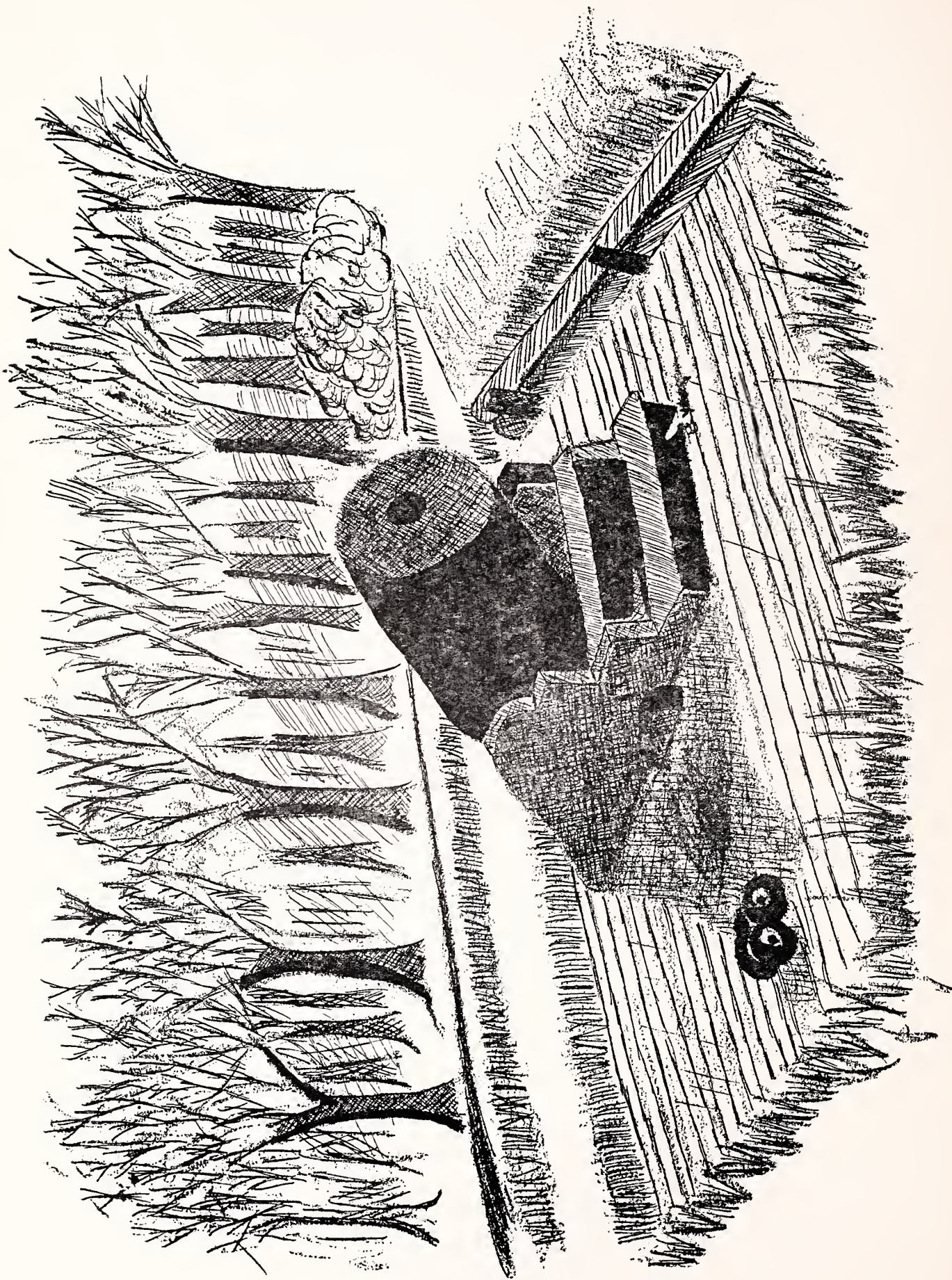
As to the column rocketing towards Blandford, Sturdivant's battery repulsed them thoroughly and they fled in disorderly retreat, leaving behind one cannon.⁶

The defenders had given ground slowly enough so that reinforcements could arrive and discourage further notions of taking Petersburg. As the smoke and dust drifted away, the Cockade City was once more able to breathe freely by the grace of God, the unexcelled bravery and fortitude of one hundred and twenty-five heroes, the patience of thirty prisoners, the blood of eighteen men, and the lives of four.

Let us return to our own time. This, our age, is a cruel and uncompromising world, but in all of us there is a high regard for courage. Yet today, there is only one monument that one group of staunch citizens has erected. The textbooks have forgotten the Battle of Rives' Farm, but Virginians and especially Petersburgers must remember that one hundred and twenty-five men prolonged the capture of Richmond and stretched the length of the war fully ten months. This fact also has been neglected by the history books, but it is the author's fervent desire that the importance of the Battle of Rives' Farm will in due time be recognized by the South and the nation.

⁵ From a letter written by Capt. John Trusheim, who, at the time, was a sergeant in Graham's battery. Page 132 "War Talks."

⁶ This gun was used in later campaigns by the Confederates.



The Forgotten Fight of June 15-18, 1864

By BARBARA WILLIS



WAS more than dumbfounded when I volunteered to write this article to find there had ever been a June 15-18 fight and, furthermore, it had taken place on Petersburg's outskirts! I figured if I, a resident of Petersburg, knew so little concerning the city's history, then others might not know much more. The truth of it is, so few people actually know about this fight of June 15-18 that its importance is not stressed, and, consequently, it doesn't even have a proper name. (You will notice I titled it the forgotten fight.)

Under the supervision of two very capable faculty members, Mr. Miller and Mr. Lloyd, and fortified by a number of heavy volumes, I soon became greatly interested in the subject. I found myself with more than enough facts and notes on which I could base my essay. On the very site of Battery 5, which is now a section of the Petersburg National Military Park and is marked by several signs giving historic facts, a monumental plot, an information booth, earthworks, and the "Dictator", Mr. Lloyd dutifully informed me of the general strategy of the fight.

On June 15, 1864, a part of the Union Army, General Burnham's Brigade, supported by six other brigades including one Negro Division, crossed the James River at City Point and advanced towards Petersburg that it might cut off the Confederates' supply lines by capturing Petersburg and gaining control of all the railways and roads that brought supplies from the deep south through Petersburg.

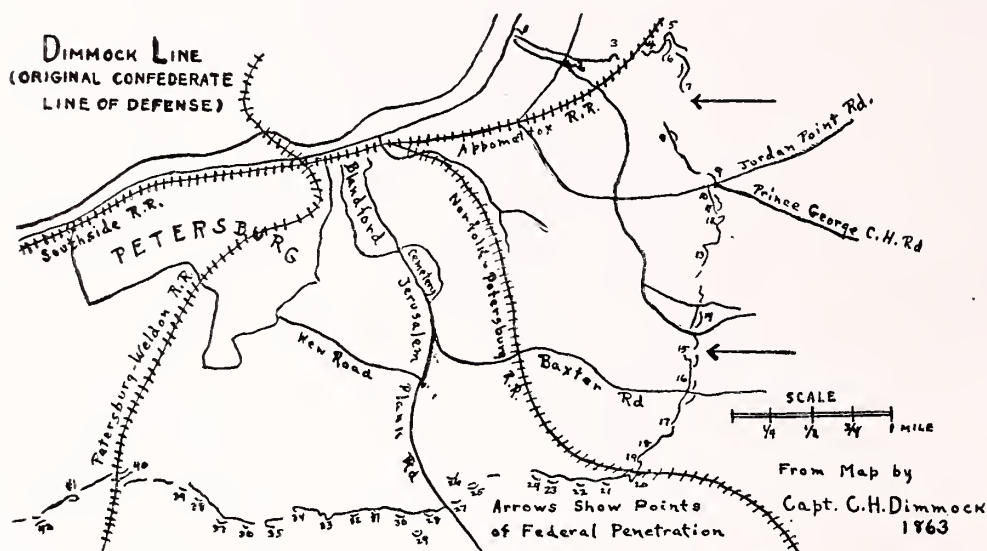
General P. G. T. Beauregard's troops, estimated at about 2,700 men, including a part of General Henry A. Wise's Virginia Brigade and a few troops from Petersburg, defended Petersburg on the Dimmock Line extending from the Appomattox River at Battery 1 on around the southern part of the town. Though they resisted valiantly, it was obvious that the Confederate forces were outnumbered and the Union Army had far better weapons and supplies. Late in the same evening, Major General William F. Smith penetrated Battery 7, came up behind the opposing forces at Battery 5, and Beauregard and Wise were forced to withdraw from their light fortifications set up by Capt. C. H. Dimmock.

It is very interesting to note, upon visiting the site of this battle, that one can almost picture the actual situation of the Union and Confederate lines by

the opposing earthworks. In a deep ravine behind the fort is a reproduction of the famous 13 inch, 17,000 lbs. mortar, the "Dictator", which was used to shell Petersburg at a distance of 21½ miles.

Lee, in Richmond, had not received any accurate report as to whether Grant was across the James or not. Suspecting the assaults against Petersburg were a means of diverting his attention so that Grant might take over the capital, Richmond, when his back was turned, Lee dispatched but few troops to Beauregard. The second day found the Confederates gaining a few old forts on the Dimmock Line, but General Hancock's strong attacks were too much for the weakened men, so the Confederates had to evacuate their temporary line. Bushrod Johnson's Division finally joined the Virginian troops, but due to the mistake on Johnson's part of not filling a gap where the Federals' fire was increasing, the Confederates were forced to leave Battery 8. Strangely enough, there is little indication at the scene today that very extensive fighting was carried on here.

At a repeated warning from Beauregard that a greater part of Grant's Army was across the James and attacking Petersburg, Lee ordered Kershaw to join



Beauregard. The later arrival of General Archibald Gracie's Brigade helped prevent further evacuation of the Confederate forces, but many lives were lost. Beauregard drove Burnside from his advanced positions.

During the 17th, Beauregard's chief engineer, Colonel D. B. Harris had erected a new line several hundred yards behind. Beauregard left a skirmish line and spent the remainder of the night after 11:00 p. m. fortifying the new line, which was shorter and possessed natural advantages. While the Petersburg



AIR VIEW FIVE FORKS



AIR VIEW CRATER BATTLEFIELD



CRATER



INTERIOR FORT GREGG



ENTRANCE TO MINE - CRATER



BOMBPROOF & OLD WELL - FORT SEDGWICK



FORT STEDMAN



BATTERY 5 - DIMMOCK LINE



FORT HASKELL



defenders were raising the new earthworks, "Rooney" Lee sent a report to the elder Lee that all of Grant's Army was now across the James and advancing towards Petersburg. Lee, satisfied with the dispatched message, directed the greater part of his infantry to Petersburg.

Field, Pickett, Kershaw, Johnson, Wise, and Beauregard will always be remembered for having saved the city of Petersburg from capture by their three days' battle. I feel certain that if they had not resisted the Federals' fire so strongly, the war would have ended many months before it actually did. Therefore, I point with pride to the forgotten fight of June 15-18, 1864.

SOURCES:

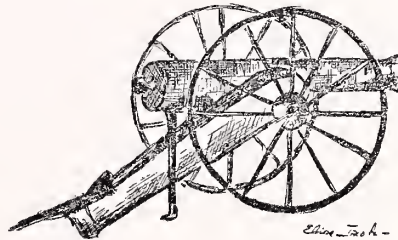
Lee's Lieutenants by Douglas Freeman

Official Records, Volume 40, Part 1.

Official Records, Volume 51, Part 2.

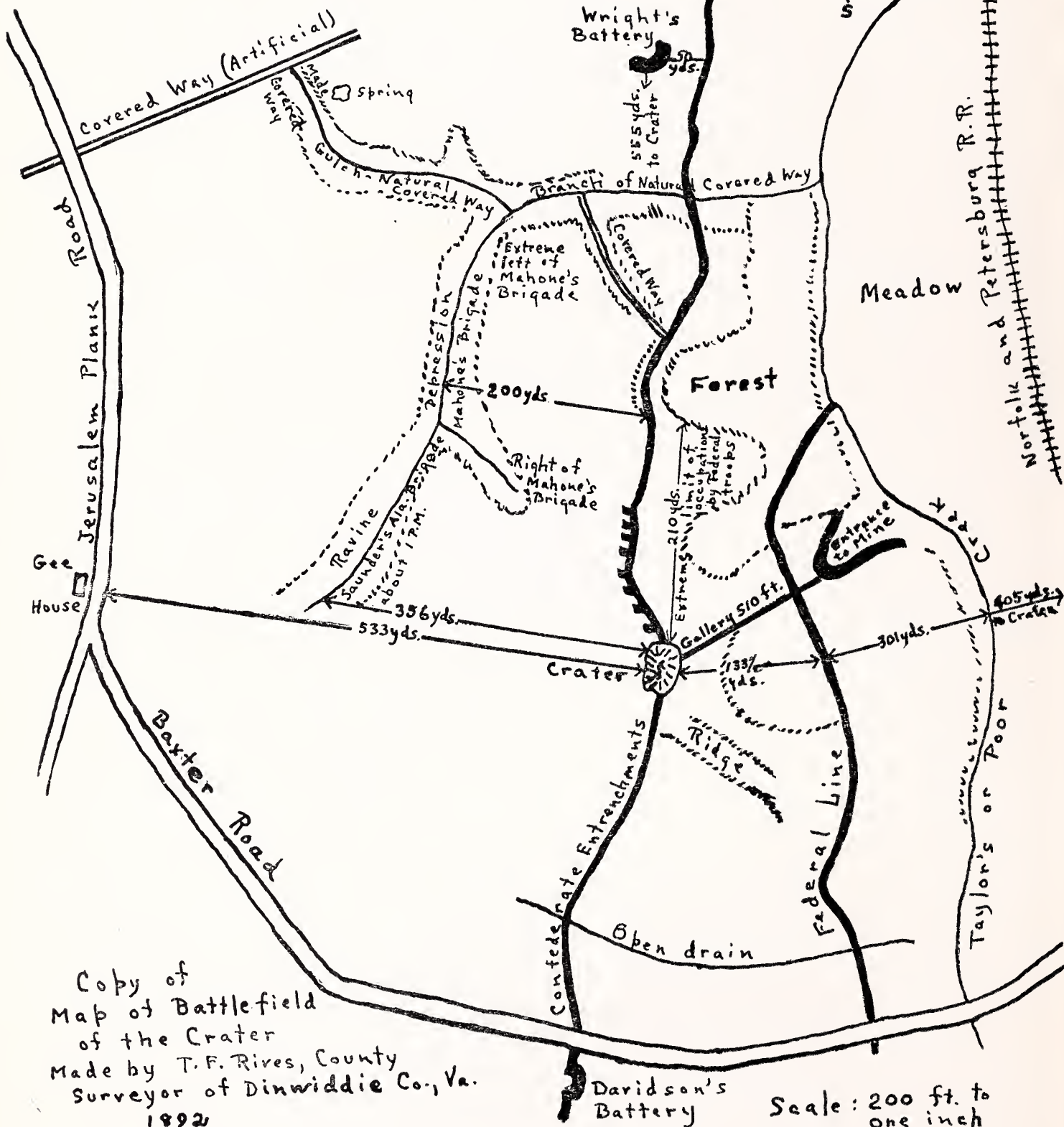
Grant's memoirs.

Gettysburg Campaign and Campaigns of 1864 and 1865 in Virginia, by Robert M. Stribling.



Cemetery

High Ground



Copy of
Map of Battlefield
of the Crater
Made by T.F. Rives, County
Surveyor of Dinwiddie Co., Va.
1892

The Battle of The Crater

By JAMES PERKINS

IF ONE were to visit the Crater battlefield today, he would see the gentle, sloping hills, covered with green grass, where thousands of men fought to the death just eighty-four years ago. The Crater itself is shaded by tall trees rising out of it. As one looks over this peaceful scene, he can hardly imagine the horrible scenes of death and agony that took place there.

It was at Petersburg that the last determined stand of the Southern Confederacy was made, and the interest of the last ten months of the war centered chiefly within the radius reached by the sound of our Court House bell. The most famous of the battles around Petersburg during this siege by Grant's army passed into history as the "Battle of the Crater". It took place on July 30, 1864, and the events surrounding it are most interesting.

Back of the Confederate line opposite the salient occupied by the Ninth Corps of the Union Army lay Blandford Cemetery. It was apparent that the key point of the defense of the city was this hill on which the cemetery was located.¹ It was defended by a portion of the Confederate line known as Elliott's Salient, located one and five-eighths miles south of the Appomattox and nearly three-quarters of a mile southeast of Blandford Cemetery.²

The Second Division of the Ninth Corps guarded this portion of the Federal front. This division was under General Potter, and the First Brigade of that division was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants. Pleasants was a member of the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania, most of whom were miners.

On June 23rd, one of his men suggested to him that if they could run a mine shaft under the hostile salient, they could blow it up. Pleasants was impressed by this suggestion and laid the matter before Potter. Potter was also



¹ "The Tragedy of the Crater" by Henry Pleasants, Jr., Page 29.

² "R. E. Lee" by Douglas S. Freeman, Vol. III, Page 464.

favorably impressed and he submitted the plan to Major-General A. E. Burnside, commanding the Ninth Corps. The venture was approved, and it was commenced at 12 o'clock noon on June 25th without tools, lumber, or any of the materials necessary for such work. The mining picks were made out of those used by the pioneers. Planks were obtained from a saw mill five or six miles distant and by tearing down a bridge over the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad.⁴

About July 1, the Confederates began to hear the sound of picks at work, far underground. They sank countershafts at intervals along the line but failed to encounter the Federal miners.³

The main gallery was completed on July 17, being 510.8 feet in length. Learning that the Rebels were countermining, the Union forces temporarily ceased the mining operations. However, they were resumed on July 18 by starting on the left and right gallery.⁴ By July 22 work was stopped in the first, as it reached a length of thirty-seven feet. On the twenty-third, work in the right lateral gallery was completed, it being thirty-eight feet long.⁵ On the 27th of July, the charge, consisting of 320 kegs of powder, each containing twenty-five pounds, was placed in the mine, and before sunset of the 28th, the tamping was finished and the mine ready to be sprung.⁴

Perhaps at this place, we had better take time to describe the Confederate defenses. The fort being undermined was manned by Captain Pegram's Petersburg Battery, and the lines around the fort were occupied by the South Carolina brigade of General Stephen Elliott. On his left was Ransom's brigade and next on his right was Wise's brigade.⁶ All of these were members of Bushrod Johnson's division. On Johnson's left, stretching nearly a mile to the Appomattox, was Hoke's division. These two divisions were part of Beauregard's command. Johnson's right rested at Rives' Salient. West of Rives' Salient were Mahone's and a half of Wilcox's divisions.⁷ Lee's headquarters were across the Appomattox at Violet Bank.

Although Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, looked upon the plan with a bit of skepticism, he agreed to see it through, and on the evening of the twenty-ninth, he issued his orders. The mine was to be sprung at 3:30 a. m. on the morning of the thirtieth. Although Burnside had planned to use Ferrero's Negro Division to lead the assault, Meade refused to allow this. He said that they were not experienced and could not be trusted for such an important job. Burnside then called his three white division leaders, Potter, Wilcox, and Ledlie, to his headquarters and he decided it would be fair to let them cast lots for the lead. They did and General Ledlie won.⁸

³ "R. E. Lee", Vol. III, Page 464.

⁴ "Official Records", Vol. 40, Part I, Page 556.

⁵ "The Tragedy of the Crater", Page 47.

⁶ "War Talks of Confederate Veterans" by George Bernard, Page 193.

⁷ "R. E. Lee", Vol. III, Page 467.

⁸ "Official Records", Vol. 40, Part I, Page 61.

Meade's orders were to move rapidly forward through the breach made by the explosion and to seize the crest of Cemetery Hill, four hundred yards in rear of the Confederate lines. The assault was to be covered by heavy artillery fire.

Ledlie was to push through the breach straight to Cemetery Hill with his First Division. Wilcox was to follow, and, after passing through the breach, turn to the left and seize the line of the Jerusalem Plank Road. Potter was to pass to the right of Ledlie and protect his flank, and Ferrero's Negro Division was to follow Ledlie.

The troops were put into position and promptly at 3:15 a. m., just before dawn, the fuse was lit. Minutes of anxious waiting followed. The men grew restless and noisy. Finally, at 4:15, Lieutenant Jacob Douty and Sergeant Henry Reese volunteered to go into the mine and see what the trouble was.⁹ They found that the fuse had gone out and relighted it.

Suddenly, at sixteen minutes of five, a solid sheet of flame shot up into the air from the center of the great earthworks.¹⁰ It was followed by a terrific roar which echoed along the surrounding hills and was heard at Lee's Headquarters at Violet Bank. At 6:10, a galloping officer arrived from General Beauregard.¹¹ He reported to Lee what had happened. The size of the crater formed by the explosion was at least 200 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 25 feet deep.¹² The Federal artillery opened fire and Ledlie's troops moved forward into the crater. In the bottom of the crater lay men and equipment torn to shreds by the blast. Men were screaming for help. Despite the desperate commands of their officers, the Federal troops were descending into the hole in droves, apparently out of sheer curiosity. If they had deployed in formation, practically nothing stood between them and Cemetery Hill. The men just wouldn't follow their officers.

This is what saved Petersburg that day. Ledlie's division had blocked the way of the other divisions and they were at a standstill. Lee had bidden his aide, Colonel Charles Venable, to ride quickly to General Mahone's headquarters and to tell him to draw two brigades out of the line, unobserved by the enemy, and to hurry them to a position in rear of the crater.¹³ The Federal lookouts were keeping watch on Mahone's men. This difficulty was overcome by having the men drop back, one by one, as if going for water. This was accomplished with such success that the Federals continued to report to Meade that not a man had left. Mahone's men then started up the covered way toward the front.¹⁴

Meanwhile Lee, on his famous horse, Traveller, had reached the front in person. He found that there were eleven Union flags floating from the captured works. Wright's battery, 555 yards north of the crater and Davidson's battery,

⁹ "The Tragedy of the Crater", Page 74.

¹⁰ "The Tragedy of the Crater", Page 75.

¹¹ "R. E. Lee", Vol. III, Page 467.

¹² "Official Records", Vol. 40, Part I, Page 558.

¹³ "R. E. Lee", Vol III, Page 468.

¹⁴ For a detail description of this march, see "War Talks of Confederate Veterans" by George Bernard, Page 151.

200 yards south of the crater, were pouring a crossfire of shells into the Federal troops. The troops of Elliott's brigade, not blown up or injured, maintained their ground with remarkable steadiness.¹⁵ In the explosion, four pieces of Pegram's battery, with two lieutenants—Lieutenants Hamlin and Chandler—and twenty-two men, together with five companies of the Eighteenth South Carolina Regiment of Elliott's brigade, were blown up.¹⁶

Mahone arrived with his men, among them the Sixth, Sixteenth, Sixty-First, Forty-First and Twelfth Virginia—the men of Second Manassas and Crampton's Gap! In the ravine, 200 yards behind the line, the line of battle was formed, with Wright's Georgia brigade on the right of Mahone. It was now between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning. Their job was to charge and recapture their works in the hands of the enemy.

The Union troops were still milling around the crater in general confusion, their officers trying vainly to get them into formation. Ferrero's colored troops were finally led out and up the hill. They charged forward yelling and shouting. Daniel Weisiger, the senior colonel of Mahone's Virginia brigade saw them coming and uttered the single word, "Forward."¹⁷ Each man sprang to his feet, and moved forward, as commanded, at a double-quick and with a yell. There was a splendid line of gray moving up the ravine on the run.¹⁸ Still pressing forward with steady fury, while the enemy, appalled by the unyielding advance, gave ground, the eight hundred men reached the ditch of the inner works. When one volley crashed from the whole line, they clutched their empty guns and the dreadful work of the bayonet began. They had somehow turned to the left and their right was perhaps one hundred yards to the left of the crater. Most of the ground on the left of the crater was recovered in this charge.¹⁹ Haskell now moved his mortars up and they were so close to the crater that it required but one ounce and a half of powder to drop shells into it.

The Georgia brigade of Wright, which had not formed in time for the first assault with Mahone's troops, at half past ten advanced and attempted to dislodge Wilcox's men, who still held a portion of the lines south of the crater. However, they met so heavy a fire that they were forced to turn. Still the enemy held the crater, a section of the main line on either side of it, that part of the second line just in rear of it, and some scattered rifle pits.²⁰

At eleven thirty, Saunder's Alabama brigade arrived. Johnson contrived a combined movement on both flanks of the crater. About one o'clock, the troops moved forward. Although the opposing fire was heavy, they pressed steadily

¹⁵ "Official Records", Vol. 40, Part I, Page 788.

¹⁶ "War Talks of Confederate Veterans", Page 165.

¹⁷ "R. E. Lee", Vol. III, Page 474.

¹⁸ "War Talks of Confederate Veterans", Page 155.

¹⁹ "R. E. Lee", Vol. III, Page 475.

²⁰ "R. E. Lee", Vol. III, Page 475.

forward and drove the enemy back into the crater. Just as a party of volunteers was being formed to assault the crater, a white flag fastened to a ramrod appeared above the edge of the crater and the Federals surrendered. On another side of the crater the Alabamians sprang into the crater and drove the Federals out and back toward their own lines. The Confederates were about to follow when there was the final surrender.

Thus ended the "Battle of the Crater". The Federals, after weeks of planning, were thrown back in terrible defeat. With an effective force of less than 3000 men, the Confederates killed 700 of the enemy, wounded over 3000, and captured 1,101 prisoners.²¹ The price paid by the Confederates was about 1500, of whom 278 lost their lives or were captured when the mine exploded.²²

²¹ "War Talks of Confederate Veterans", Page 166.

²² "R. E. Lee", Vol. III, Page 477.

The Crater

By JOHN GREENWOOD

*The Crater bleakly lies, today,
A barren dark and dismal hole
Upon a wind-swept plain;
And nothing anyone can say
Returns the dead to live again.*

*The homes from which the men had come
Had doors as open then as now,
Were homes both rich and poor;
But under leaves and dirt are some
Who'll never leave this lonely moor.*

*The king of all is Loneliness
The saddest one of ruthless kings;
'Tis here he holds his sway;
For cruel Death made Loneliness
A king on that momentous day.*

August 25th at Reams' Station

By BILLY GILLIAM



ROUD Petersburg, the "harbor" to Richmond, Virginia, was slowly being encompassed by Grant and his warriors. Already the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad had fallen, and evidently the Weldon was to follow. If only the Confederates could save this latter line, they would be assured a continuous supply of foodstuffs and other indispensables.

On August 18, 1864, Globe Tavern, some three miles slightly southwest of Petersburg and situated on the Weldon line, had been won by Union troops who now controlled the railroad southward to that point. Grant, however, determined further to render the line useless, and to this end he employed General Winfield S. Hancock.¹

After a severe march Hancock, on August 22, arrived at quiet, weary Reams' Station, some eight miles from the Cockade City. Alas! Only wooded forests and vulnerable breastworks could rise to greet him, for the station-house and most of the scattered homes had been burned. But no matter. Able General Hancock had a job to do, and he set out to do it. By the night of the 24th he had disrupted the rail tracks to a point three miles south of Reams. But he was only at Malone's Crossing, and, according to orders, he must tear up the rails down to Rowanty Creek, at least five miles away. To this purpose he dispatched General Gibbon's division on the 25th, retaining Miles' First Division at Reams.²

Meanwhile, General Wade Hampton, that fearless Confederate cavalry officer, had found the Federals "loosely disposed" at the station, and, of course, he wished to attack them. General Lee agreed,³ and A. P. Hill was told to advance against the enemy "as soon as possible."⁴

Ah, yes, the battle horns were sounding! General Hill was ready to move! On the night of August 24th he left his camp near Petersburg, and, marching southward, paused at Armstrong's Mill, some eight miles from the city and to the west of the feeble Federal entrenchments at Reams.⁵

The blue camp was all astir. From Humphreys the following had been received:

August 24th, 8:00 p. m.

"Signal officers report large bodies of infantry passing from the south from

¹ See the *Encyclopedia Americana*, Vol. 23, Page 260, and Freeman's *R. E. Lee*, Vol. 3, Pages 486 ff.

² See Willcox's account in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 4, Pages 571 ff and *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, by Swinton, Pages 535 on and the *Encyclopedia Americana*, Vol. 23, Page 260; and *Official Records*, Vol. 42, Series I, Pages 221 ff and *The Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865* by Humphreys, Pages 278 ff.

³ Freeman's *R. E. Lee* gives two reasons for Lee's acceptance of the plan.

⁴ See Freeman's *Lee's Lieutenants*, Vol. 3, Pages 589-90.

⁵ See the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. 19, Pages 113 ff.

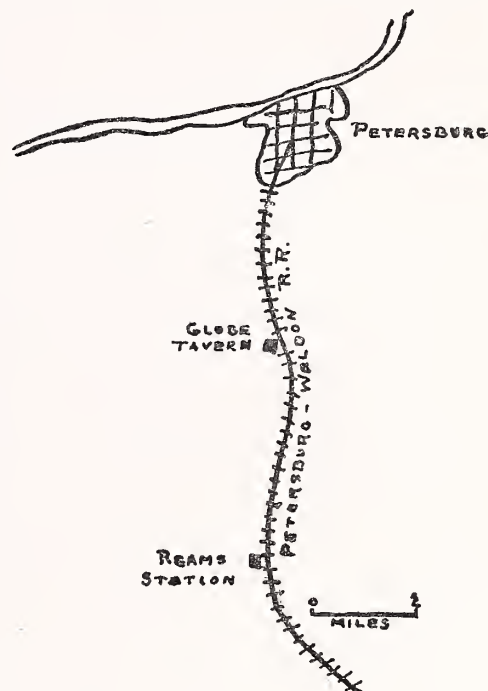
their entrenchments by the Halifax and Vaughn Roads.⁶ Probably destined to operate against Warren or yourself.”⁷

“Probably destined to operate against Warren or yourself”—that phrase must surely have pained the good General Hancock. Oh, what could he do? His force consisted largely of “green” troops, and the defenses at Reams were all “the greener”, so to speak. What could the general do?

The answer was not long forthcoming. Receiving reports that an enemy of 8,000 or 9,000 was advancing, Hancock ordered General Gibbon, who had just been directed to complete the destruction of the railroad, to return to the fortifications at Reams. But Gibbon was having trouble! The Rebel force had reached him, and he was forced to abandon his position. At 10 a. m. after employing a skirmish line to check the onrushing Confederates, Gibbon united with Miles’ division within the entrenchments at Reams. Altogether the Federals numbered around 9,000.⁸

But a word about the entrenchments. As has been mentioned, they were poorly located, having been thrown up during a cavalry engagement at Reams in the preceding June. They extended parallel to the Weldon Railroad for 700 yards, and, at the two ends, were drawn back eastward for 800 to 900 yards, thus forming a crude, misshaped capital “C”. Occupying the northern half of these breastworks was Miles’ division while Gibbon’s returned division held the southern half.⁹

But, to utilize an aged expression, “on with the battle”! The “Johnny Rebs” were moving onward! A. P. Hill, concentrating his infantry against the



⁶ The Halifax Road mentioned ran almost parallel to the Weldon Railroad, while the Vaughn Road, which met the Halifax about one mile from Petersburg, also ran parallel to the Weldon, but farther west, however.

⁷ See *Official Records*, Vol. 42, Series I, Pages 221 ff.

⁸ See the *Encyclopedia Americana*; and Swinton's *Campaigns of Army of the Potomac*; and particularly Hancock's report in *Official Records* for this phase of the battle. For the volume and the page numbers consult the preceding notes.

⁹ See the *Encyclopedia Americana*'s splendid description of the intrenchments. Also, on page 489 of *R. E. Lee*, Vol 3, can be seen a map showing the fortifications. For other maps consult the various books mentioned in these notes, especially *Official Records*.

central section of the Federal Line, determined to attack. At 2:00 p. m. Scales' and McGowan's (and possibly Anderson's) brigades, advancing with great spirit, assailed Miles' front. After a fierce but short-lived encounter they were repulsed.¹⁰

Meanwhile General Wade Hampton, commanding the Confederate Second Cavalry Division, maneuvered to the southern side of the Federal defenses. It was Hampton who had met Gibbon; it was Hampton who had withdrawn his columns some 400 yards in a futile effort to lure the Yankees from their feeble work.¹¹

For the present the Federals could do little but hope and pray. By means of a field telegraph (which, by the noon of the 25th, had been installed within a half mile of the breastworks) Hancock had urged that Orlando B. Willcox's division be sent from Warren's camp¹² to aid him.¹³

And now for the main engagement! Boom! What's that, pray? Heavy artillery fire? From the Rebel side? The fight is on!

Since the 2:00 o'clock affair the rest of Hill's troops had been coming up, and throughout the woods "the chopping of trees and the rumbling of artillery" could be heard. At 5:00 p. m. Hill "lowered the flag," thus signaling "attack". For some fifteen minutes before the actual assault the Rebel artillery "hammered away", causing little damage save for the demoralization of the Union troops.

At 5:15 the blow was delivered. Heth and Wilcox (three regiments and five brigades) charged Miles' Fourth Brigade and a section of his line held by "material of different regiments." Although ground obstacles and heavy fire restrained the grays for a time, still they advanced, and very soon a part of Miles' line yielded. Of course, General Miles ordered whatever reserves could be spared, but to no avail! The Yankees responded so feebly that later Orlando Willcox wrote of them, ". . . But to run on the first chance, or get into a hospital, and ho! for a pension afterwards."¹⁴

Still, however, the Yankees had a few *vires* left! Turning his guns on the charging enemy, Lieutenant George K. Dauchy rendered some destruction. But be cautious, sir! Even now, creeping softly along the rifle pits, come your opponents! And look yonder at Murphey's brigade! They, too, serve with "marked gallantry," and they, too, are overwhelmed.¹⁵

And now, a hurried order! "Gibbon, retake those lines!" Well, Gibbon, why the delay? Oh, your men! Are they afraid?

By the loss of this section of the line the rest of Gibbon's division was ex-

¹⁰ See Freeman's *R. E. Lee* and Stedman's account in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

¹¹ See Hampton in *Official Records*.

¹² Warren's camp was situated to the north of Hancock's force and was nearer Petersburg.

¹³ See Orlando B. Willcox's account in *The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*.

¹⁴ See Willcox's account in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*; and *Encyclopedia Americana*; and Freeman's two books, *R. E. Lee* and *Lee's Lieutenants*.

¹⁵ See Willcox's account in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*.

posed to an attack on the side and in the rear. And that attack did come!¹⁶

As has been said, General Wade Hampton's cavalry force was concentrated against the southern side of the Federal line. Seeing that General Hill was pushing the Yankees back from the west, this intelligent leader formed a long line with Chambliss' brigade on the left, the North Carolina brigade in the center, and on the right Young's brigade. In order to support this first line a second one was established by Rosser. Most of the soldiers dismounted, but, as usual, some "stuck to their horses" in case the cavalry should be needed. And now, very slowly, the line, extending from the railroad to the right end of the Federal entrenchments, moved onward.¹⁷

From the two directions the Rebels advanced. But wait! Is there no hope for the Yankees? What about Orlando B. Willcox and the reinforcements that he was bringing? Why has he not arrived?

The answer lay, you might say, in two mistakes. First, Willcox, although protesting, had been ordered to reach Hancock by way of a twelve mile plank road instead of taking a four mile "short cut" down the Weldon Railroad. Secondly, Willcox, not observing the address on an order presented to him, had halted his entire force in order to arrest Union stragglers.¹⁸

Meanwhile, General Miles had somehow managed to rally some valiant men of the 61st New York and, sweeping forward, had recaptured part of his breastworks, including the battery that had been under the command of the heroic Lieutenant Dauchy. But he did not desist here! Urging Gibbon to help fortify the regained land, he thrust 200 men across the railroad to threaten the Confederate rear.¹⁹

But Gibbon's men remained obstinate. "They couldn't be got up to go," remarked the general who had tried his best.

Anyway Gibbon had more pressing problems! Hampton's dismounted cavalry, approaching under dense artillery and musket fire, was steadily pushing his troops back.²⁰

See the Grays! Like autumn leaves they whirl onward, the Blue infantry offering little resistance.

"Onward! Onward! . . . Lay low, fool! The Yanks have sharpshooters, don't forget. And beware! Their artillery holds. Observe yonder battery. They'll be taken only by 'sheer physical force!' Careful now. And who's that gallant officer, astride his handsome steed? He's fighting to the last. Too bad, indeed, that he falls victim to a cannon ball. . . . Ah, now, Johnny Reb, now you have

¹⁶ See Hancock in *Official Records*.

¹⁷ See Hampton in *Official Records*, Vol. 42, Series I, Pages 942 on.

¹⁸ See Willcox's version in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. Also, consult Hancock in *Official Records*. Most historians agree, however, that even if Willcox hadn't been delayed, he could never have reached the battlefield in time to be of any real service.

¹⁹ See Willcox in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*.

²⁰ See preceding note and also Hampton in *Official Records*.

that battery. Turn it on the fleeing enemy. That's it, Captain Oldham! Did you hear what your commander²¹ said of you? 'Oldham thinks he's at a ball in Petersburg'."²²

Ah, yes, soon the vultures could have the bloody field! Even now Hampton pressed forward at the southern side of the defenses while Hill, although checked by resolute Federals, nevertheless hammered at the western section.

Hampton's men had captured Gibbon's line. They were charging forward with great cheers when heavy flank fire from Gregg's dismounted cavalry checked them. However, they were not to be deterred by this! At once they turned against General Gregg and forced him to fall back to the new line which Gibbon had established a short distance in rear of his captured entrenchments.²³

Meanwhile, General Hancock determined to evacuate the shattered defenses. As night drew on, the weary Blues set out. Miles covered the immediate rear and Orlando B. Willcox, who had now arrived upon the scene, formed about 1½ miles behind Miles. By midnight the force had reached the Williams' house, and near there they pitched camp. The victorious Rebels made no attempt to follow them.²⁴

Poor, defeated Hancock! He had tried so hard. It is even reported that he cried out from the battle ground, "I do not care to die, but I pray God I may never leave this field."²⁵

* * * * *

But the battle has long since faded into dusty books and failing memories! Even old Reams has nearly forgotten, but yet is this not better? For today thrives a new Reams! Yes, there she huddles now, remote from the pleasures of Petersburg life. Yet she doesn't care; she doesn't desire size—only joy, and hope, and a happy life!

²¹ i.e., General McRae.

²² See Stedman in the *Southern Historical Society Papers* for a lively account of this phase of the fight.

²³ See Stedman's interesting account of this charge in *Southern Historical Society Papers*. Incidentally, it was here that Pegram's artillery brigade proved so valuable to the Confederate cause. For a brief summary of this phase of the battle consult Humphrey's *Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865*. Immediately after the Confederate assault here Billy Mahone's old brigade saw some action.

²⁴ See Willcox's account in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. Of course it is understood that the Federals left their intrenchments and headed northeast.

²⁵ See *Confederate Military History*, Vol. 3, Pages 523 ff.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS—

I. Reference books listed:

1. *Battle at Reams' Station*, an extract from a speech by Stedman; to be found in *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. 19, Pages 113 ff.
2. *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, containing an account by Willcox, Vol. 4, Pages 571 ff.
3. *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, Swinton. Pages 535 on.
4. *Confederate Military History*, Vol. 3, Pages 523 on. Also, Vol. 4, Pages 269 ff.

5. *Encyclopedia Americana*, Vol. 23, Page 260.
6. *Lee's Lieutenants*, Freeman, Vol. 3, Pages 589-90. Also, Page 593.
7. *Official Records*, Hampton's account, to be found in Vol. 42, Series I, Pages 942 ff.
8. *Official Records*, Hancock's account, to be found in Vol. 42, Series I, Pages 221 ff.
9. *Official Records*. Letters. See index in Vol. 42, Series II.
10. *Photographic History of the Civil War*, Vol. 3, Page 208.
11. *R. E. Lee*, Freeman. Vol. 3, Pages 486 ff.
12. *The Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865*, Humphreys. Pages 278 on.

II. I also wish to thank the following people who so graciously helped me on this venture:

1. Gilliam, Charles Edgar, for his knowledge of certain terms.
2. McCandlish, Walter T., who so generously lent me his collection of books and who, in other ways, proved invaluable.
3. To the citizens of Reams Station, who helped me as much by their friendliness as by their knowledge. I particularly thank a Mr. Spiers and a former slave now ninety years old.

CASUALTY FIGURES:

The Federals lost 2,742 men. Out of this number 669 were killed and wounded and 2,073 were captured or were missing. The Federals also lost 9 guns, 12 stands of colors, and 3,100 stand of arms.

The Confederate loss as reported by Hill, was 720 chiefly, if not entirely, killed or wounded.





How Wade Hampton Captured General Grant's Entire Beef Supply

By MURRAY MARVIN HAUSNER



IN THE early part of 1864 General Lee's army was facing General Grant's at Petersburg, and his infantry lines extended from the Appomattox on the east to about Dinwiddie Courthouse on the southwest. South of this the cavalry held the lines. I say held them, not as the infantry did, but patrolled them all the way down to Stony Creek, and sometimes beyond. They were too few to man the lines, so they rode them one night here, and the next night somewhere else along the line, repelling, from time to time, by the hardest kind of fighting, the repeated attacks made upon the lines of communication, the Weldon railroad and the Boydton plank road. The preservation of these meant the life of the army and of the Confederate cause itself.

The Question of Bread and Meat

And this brings us to the question of bread and meat, at that time a very serious matter. Sometimes the men had bread (such as it was), sometimes meat, sometimes neither. They resorted to all sorts of devices to get a square meal. If perchance they met a farmer they at once cultivated him as a long lost brother, and made all kinds of excuses to call; took the girls to ride, and never left without eating some meal, either dinner or supper. The story is told of a sergeant, a Frenchman, who, it is said, called on the widow Hancock in Dinwiddie county, and, on taking his leave, also took her gray cat which his mess ate in a stew the next day--smothered in garlic! A Frenchman has the reputation of eating anything.

General Hampton Proposes a Raid

On the 8th of September General Hampton addressed a note to General Lee, informing him that his scouts reported a large herd of cattle grazing in the rear of Grant's army, in the neighborhood of Coggin's Point, on the James River, and asking permission to take a force of cavalry and go down and drive out the cattle. The General was, perhaps, hungry himself. On the 9th General Lee said he was not sufficiently acquainted with the country to say how that could be effected, if embarrassed with wagons and cattle, and advised General Hampton to take such a circuit as would allow ample space for his flank pickets to notify him of danger. He said that the Federal General (Gregg) was near the Weldon Road, and that he would move two brigades of infantry down the plank road behind General Dearing, who was on that road with his brigade of cavalry.

On the 13th Lt. John F. Lanneau, of Hampton's engineer corps, wrote Major

McClellan, Hampton's adjutant-general, for a detail of forty men and two commissioned officers from Butler's and W. H. F. Lee's Divisions. He would furnish the detachment with tools; they would be armed with pistols, and would serve during the expedition as a mounted engineer troop under his direction. He designated Lt. Johnson, Company A, Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, and Lt. Bauskett, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, as suitable officers to take charge of the detail from General Butler's Division.

The detail from General W. H. F. Lee's Division was ordered to report by Lt. F. Robertson at General W. H. F. Lee's headquarters, and tools would be furnished them by Lt. Lanneau. The men were to be selected from those accustomed to the use of the axe.

"Boots and Saddles"

"On the morning of the 14th, long before daylight, we were aroused from our camp by the notes of the bugle sounding 'Boots and Saddles', and the Stuart Horse Artillery, of which I was a member, was ordered to saddle up and move out behind the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry." (From a report by Colonel D. Cardwell.) The men waited, seated on their horses, for a long time—all waiting seems long—and, while they waited, they speculated upon where they were going and what they were going for. So little do soldiers know of the intentions of their officers that some said that they were going to surprise and capture a brigade of negro troops, and they began in a spirit of humor, each telling what he would do with his share of the negroes. They had no idea that "beeves" had any place in the picture at all. General Hampton in his account said, "On the morning of the 14th I moved with the division of Major-General W. H. F. Lee, the brigades of Rosser and Dearing, and a detachment of 100 men from Young's and Dunnivant's Brigades under command of Lt.-Col. Miller, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, and moved down Rowanty Creek to Wilkinson's Bridge, on that stream, where the command bivouacked that night."

The command left Wilkinson's Bridge at an early hour on the 15th, and struck out a trail for Sycamore Church, in Prince George county, a point most central and nearest to the cattle, and the place where the largest force of the enemy was camped. General Hampton's idea was that by disposing of them here it made it impossible for them to concentrate any force in time to interfere with the main object of the expedition. By a rapid march the command reached the Blackwater at Cook's Bridge, which had been destroyed. General Hampton knew that the bridge was gone, and purposely selected that route, as the enemy would not be likely to look for an attack from that quarter.

Bridging the Blackwater

When they reached the bridge they halted and dismounted to await the arrangements being made by the pioneer people for them to cross. Some of the men went out into the fields and dug up sweet potatoes, but they were stopped

when they attempted to cook them. They could not afford to make a smoke, and so some of the men devoured the potatoes raw. General Hampton had stopped all citizens en route, allowing none to go forward for fear information might reach the Yankees. While here, the force rested and fed their horses. The bridge was completed, and that night they crossed over the Blackwater. Now they were particularly enjoined not to make a noise, and several times the musical men of the column were cut short in attempted songs, which they thoughtlessly began. Nothing was heard but the steady tread of the horses and the rattle of sabres. The guns of the artillery had been muffled by grain-sacks being inserted between the elevating screws and the guns.

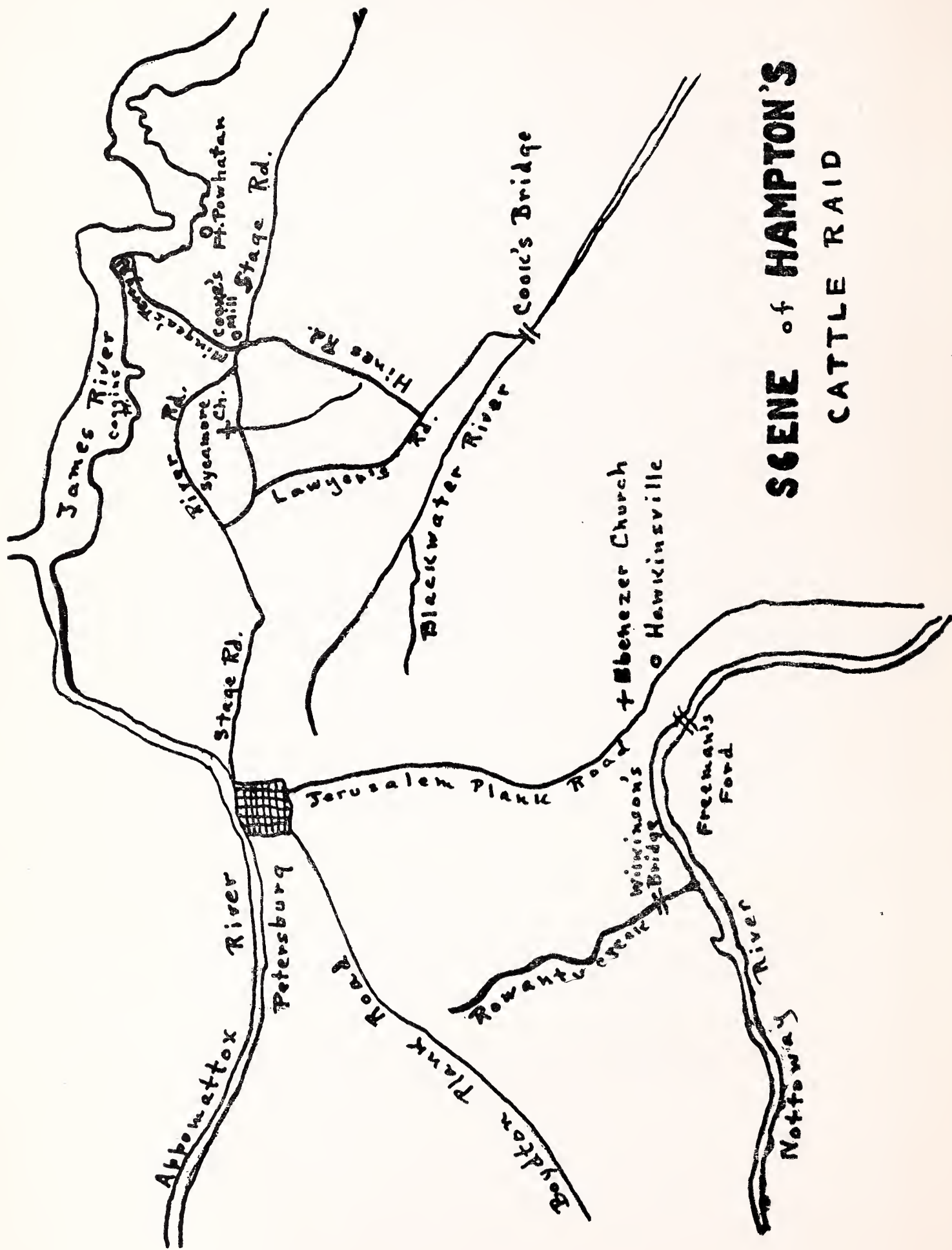
Sometime about half-past three or four, the column halted on a very dark road, overhung by the branches of the trees. Everything was as still as death. Nothing disturbed the whip-poor-will's notes, so lonesome at all times, but more doleful then.

Under the Sentinel Stars

One by one the men stepped down from their horses to the soft grass, overcome by fatigue. They had now ceased to speculate upon where they were going. They were too sleepy, and soon most, if not all, were dozing on the ground with their bridle reins around their elbows. If they dreamed, it was of home—not of cattle or war's alarms. The horses, too, slept and showed no disposition to move or disturb their sleeping masters. They waited. General Hampton, it seems, had directed General Lee to move by the Lawyer road to the stage road, at which point he would encounter the first pickets of the enemy. It was there the column was resting. He was to drive these pickets in, and then move to occupy the roads leading from the direction of the enemy to Sycamore Church. General Dearing was to proceed by the Hines road to Cook's Mill, where he was to halt until the attack in the center was made. Then he was to dash across to the Mingea Ferry Road, attacking the post on that road, and cutting off all retreat, guarding at the same time against an attack from Fort Powhatan. Rosser's brigade and Miller's detachment moved on directly toward Sycamore Church. General Rosser was to carry the position of the enemy here, and after doing so, to push forward at once to secure the cattle. General Hampton said the three columns all reached the points to which they were ordered without giving alarm. The long wait was about to end, the naps were soon to be broken.

Rosser Attacks the Enemy

At five in the morning, Rosser, over on the right, made the attack. At the sound of the first shots every man on the road who had dismounted sprang to his saddle, and they heard the well-known yell, that cry known as the "Rebel Yell", which had struck terror to the enemy on a hundred bloody fields. It was an exultant sound, unhampered by words, and it rang out on the early morning air



SCENE of HAMPTON'S CATTLE RAID

from lusty lungs. In a minute every horse was in full gallop on the road. They were soon upon the picket who seemed to have no idea of an enemy, although they had been so near since nine or ten o'clock that night. They rode the picket down and found the camp on both sides of the road. Some, of course, were on guard, but the majority of the Federals were in bed in their little buttoned tents.

Captured In Night Clothes

The Rebels ran them out and took them prisoners. The poor Federals looked very forlorn as they were mustered later in the day, many sitting on bare-backed horses with nothing on but their shirts.

General Rosser, it appears, had about as much as he could attend to. He encountered Colonel Spears' Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry—the same command that had made such a name for itself as a fighting regiment. They made a good fight for their meat, but Rosser finally whipped them and they fell back, leaving their dead and wounded in the field as well as their camp. General Dearing, on the right, made his attack according to schedule and was entirely successful.

The Monster Cattle Drive

General Rosser immediately began to drive out the cattle, and General Hampton said, "There were 2,486 head of them." In his report to General Lee, Hampton stated that he withdrew all of his forces before 8:00 a. m., and that all the different columns were united before reaching the Blackwater. Now came the return which Lee was so worried about.

The Gunboats Open Fire

They did not at once show a disposition to come out, but soon Uncle Sam's gunboats in the nearby James River got their range, and since they actually didn't go down there to fight, they retreated, stimulated now and then by the bursting of a huge shell in uncomfortable proximity. They made haste to join the columns at the Blackwater—Rosser ahead with the cattle followed by General Dearing and Colonel Miller, and General Lee bringing up the rear.

After the command had crossed the Blackwater they trailed towards the plank road. Rosser advised General Hampton that a large force of Federals was approaching on that road. Hampton replied ordering him to take position at Ebenezer Church, and to hold the road there. He also ordered that Rosser send the cattle by way of Hawkinsville, crossing the plank road two miles in the rear of the line of battle, which was formed at once. Major Venable, General Hampton's adjutant-general, and Major Ryals, provost-marshal, took charge of the cattle, and they put them across the Nottoway River at Freeman's Ford. Meanwhile, General Rosser held his ground, and Colonel Miller and General Dearing soon came up to assist him. The Rebels had some fighting—not half so much as some had anticipated. Before nine o'clock they had crossed the water by a dam, leaving the enemy far behind. The men rode with added zest and enthusiasm now, for they were heading towards their own lines. They had

travelled 100 miles, had had two fights, and, best of all, had furnished fresh meat for General Lee's starving army, many of whom had not tasted fresh meat for months.

Hampton's Legion

General Hampton's entire force on this expedition was about 2,000 cavalry and four pieces of artillery—two of McGregor's guns and two from Hart's Battery, of which South Carolina is so proud.

One dispatch, found among the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion" which was addressed to the Federal general, Humphries, stated that according to information obtained from a Federal prisoner, Hampton had broken through at Sycamore Church and had captured 2,500 head of cattle with but little loss. Another report dated 6:00 a. m. of the 16th from General Kautz said that Hampton's legion was no less than 14,000 strong! Still another report, a bit more conservative, stated that Hampton's Legion consisted of merely 5,000 Rebels and a battery of eight guns. These were *official* Federal reports.

The "Chase"

Now, let us see who was sent after Hampton. First, General Humphries, General Meade's chief-of-staff, sent General Davies with all his cavalry; then came a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery. The latter was sent to the Jerusalem road. Next came General Kautz with his cavalry. He headed towards the Prince George Courthouse road. Next, Humphries sent Colonel Smith, of the Second Division, Second Corps, a message ordering him to send a strong brigade to the Prince George Courthouse road. Next, he directed General Hancock to send a strong brigade and a battery of artillery down the plank road, and last, he directed the cavalry force, which was picketing between the plank road and the Blackwater, to be withdrawn in order to join in the pursuit.

The "Battle"

And all that any of them did was to make the little fight that General Davies reports at 10:30 p. m. of the 16th. He reports from Proctor's, on the Jerusalem plank road, that he marched there at 12:30 p. m., and sent a brigade over the road to intercept the enemy. His force met them at a point about five miles thence, and drove them about a mile to the vicinity of Hawkinsville, where he found them strongly posted behind earthworks, having in their front an impassable swamp. He then moved down and found General W. H. F. Lee's Division, which he failed to dislodge. Finally he gave up the job on that road and sent a brigade to Stony Creek to try to intercept the head of the column there. All this time the cattle were on the trot, and the Federals, with all their forces, could not stop them.

REFERENCES:

Southern Historical Society Papers, Volume 22.
Official Records, 46, Part I.

Dams and Tunnels

By LANNY SLADE

The Crater Tunnel.



PERHAPS the most famous of the tunnels around Petersburg is the Crater Tunnel, dug for the purpose of destroying a section of the Confederate line. It was begun June 25, 1864, by the 48th Regiment of Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, under the command of Lt. Colonel Henry Pleasants. The regiment was composed mainly of coal miners. They started their task without tools, using bayonets and handmade picks to dig the tunnel at first. Empty cracker boxes were converted into hand-barrows to remove the excavated earth. At no time during the course of their task did they have the advantage of effective mining instruments. Candles supplied their source of light. Yet, with these crude tools, the miners removed 18,000 cubic feet of earth, much of which was disposed of in a creek.¹

The mine was started without any lumber on hand. Later, lumber for the shaft was brought from a saw mill five or six miles to the south back of the Union lines. This mill, since destroyed, was on what is now known as Taylor's Creek. Lumber also was secured from the planking on the bridge which carried the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad over the Blackwater River. A new bridge now spans the river. The wood thus obtained was used for props to support the roof of the mine. These props were placed from three to thirty feet apart, depending on the nature of the soil.²

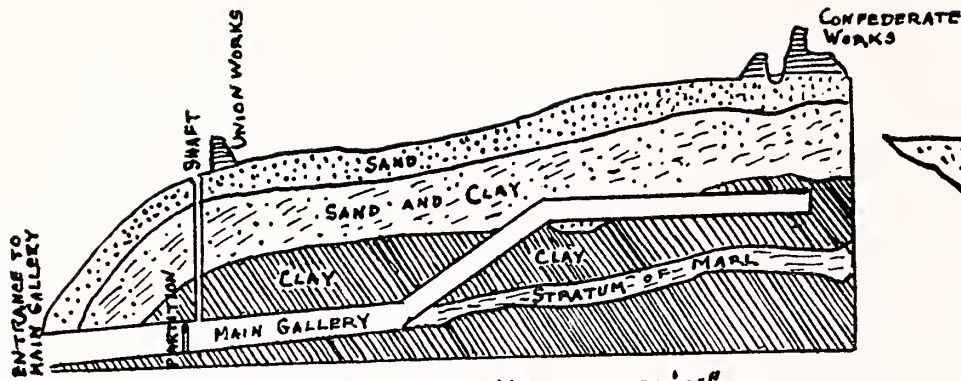
Pleasants' regiment had a total complement of four hundred men, who worked in shifts of approximately two hundred men each twenty-four hours. Due to the narrowness of the mine, however, only two men were able to work at its extremity, thereby greatly adding to the miners' difficulties. The tunnel was dug through sandy soil for the most part, although the miners were forced to dig through clay in some places.³

As the mine slowly increased in length it became necessary to install a ventilation system. A grate, therefore, was placed at the foot of a twenty-two foot perpendicular shaft. A fire was kept burning on this grate at all times. The draft supplied by this fire forced the impure air out the escape shaft as it pulled fresh air into the mine entrance. Towards the end of the mining, the ventilation system was changed so that the perpendicular shaft supplied fresh air. At this

¹ See *The Tragedy of the Crater* by Henry Pleasants, Jr., and *The Official Records*, Series 2, Vol. 42 for details of tools used. Referred to henceforth as *Pleasants* and *O. R.*

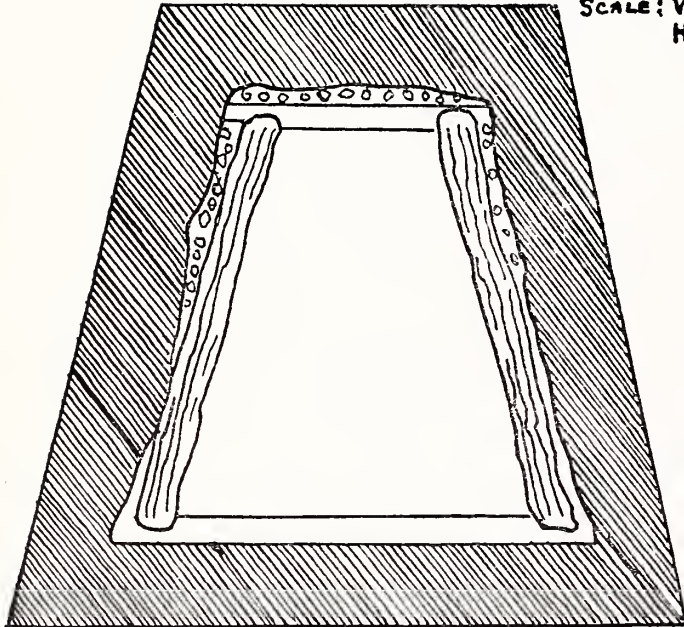
² *Pleasants* and *O. R.*, series 2, Vol. 42.

³ *Pleasants* and *O. R.*, series 2, Vol. 42.



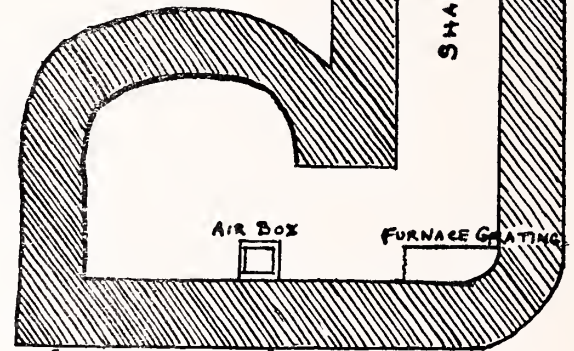
SCALE: VERTICAL, 20' = 1"
HORIZONTAL, 100' = 1"

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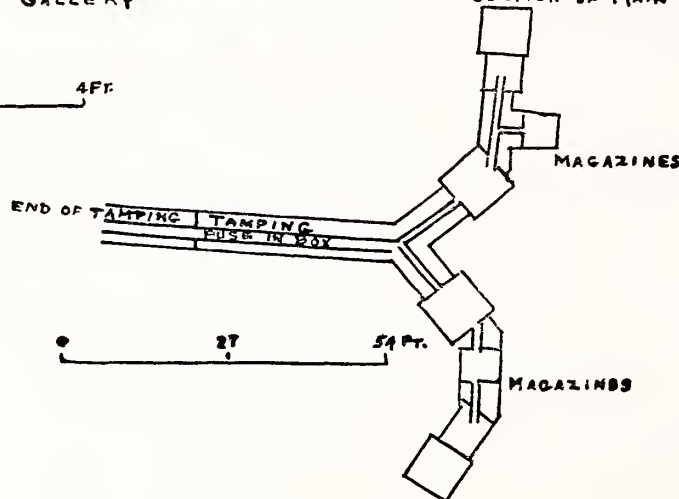


SECTION OF MAIN GALLERY

0 2 4 FT.



SECTION OF MAIN GALLERY AT SHAFT



THE MAGAZINES

COPIES OF DRAWINGS BY LT. COL. HENRY PLEASANTS
OF THE MINE EXPLODED JULY 30TH, 1864
"THE WAR OF THE REBELLION": SERIES 1, VOL. XL, PT. 1

time impure air flowed back out of the mine entrance. During the entire period of the digging of the mine the impure air was carried back from the farthest extremity by a square tube of boards, sixty square inches around. This tube was fixed to the roof of the mine.⁴ Work on the tunnel progressed slowly, and on July 2nd, another obstacle was created as wet ground caused the timbers supporting the main gallery to collapse. This nearly closed the shaft. Temporary log shoring repaired the damage, and, as the work continued, supports were placed closer together to prevent a recurrence of the cave-in. July 2nd was marked by still another reverse, as the miners struck marl at the extremity of the shaft. Pleasants was now forced to dig upward thirteen feet for every hundred feet forward in order to miss the marl. This upgrade, of course, slowed the excavating of the gallery.⁵

Despite their slow progress, the miners had completed the main gallery on July 17th. At this time, Pleasants suspected that the Confederates knew of the tunnel. Having decided that his suspicions were unfounded, he ordered the work to continue. It appeared later that Pleasants was right, for the Confederates first suspected the tunnel's existence on July 17th.⁶

Both the left and right laterals of the mine were started on July 18th. Pleasants' men worked continually, as is shown by the fact that the right lateral was started at 6:00 p. m. This lateral was shifted somewhat from its planned course because the Union troops still believed the Confederates were listening for sounds of digging.

The Confederates, however, were doing more than merely listening, for on July 21st the Union miners were heard plainly by Confederate counterminers seeking to find the Federal tunnel. These Confederate troops were digging with desperate speed, trying to locate and destroy the Federal tunnel.⁷

Success crowned the Federal efforts, however, for on July 22nd the left gallery was completed, and the right gallery followed on July 23rd at 6:00 p. m. The left lateral was thirty-seven feet long, and the right extended for thirty-eight feet. Now, however, Southern countermining could plainly be heard. The Confederate troops believed the Union tunnel was much nearer the Jerusalem Plank Road, and, as a result, their countermines did not approach the Federal tunnel. Some of these countermines were dug as far away from the actual site of the shaft as Fort Mahone.⁸

The period from July 23rd to July 27th was spent in making the final preparations for the explosion of the mine. Eight thousand pounds of powder were placed in eight magazines, one thousand pounds to a magazine. Four

⁴ For more details on ventilation, *Pleasants and O. R.*, series 2, Vol. 42.

⁵ Information on the misfortunes of July 2nd, *Pleasants and O. R.*, series 2, Vol. 42.

⁶ See *Pleasants* for a complete recapitulation of his apprehensions.

⁷ *Pleasants* gives details of the period from July 18-July 21.

⁸ See *Pleasants and O. R.*, series 2, Vol. 42, for details concerning the completion of the tunnel.

magazines were located in each lateral. Due to the fact that the mine tunnel was again very wet, it became necessary to place the powder train leading to the magazines in a wooden trough, supported by wooden braces. All the powder during this preparatory period was covered by water-proofing. The main tunnel was sealed off from the magazines by a wall of sandbags and logs, to prevent the force of the explosion from blowing back. A small opening was left in this wall for the common blasting fuse. This fuse was spliced together, with the average length of a straight piece being only ten feet. The charges were placed from 4:00 p. m. to 10:00 p. m. on July 27th.⁹

On July 28th, at 6:00 p. m., Pleasants had everything ready, and the mine was to be lighted on July 30th at 3:15 a. m. Pleasants himself lighted the powder train, which was due to explode the mine at 3:30 a. m. The powder train, however, had gone out at one of the splices, and an officer and a sergeant of Pleasants' regiment volunteered to relight it. It was now 4:15 a. m., and the mine was forty-five minutes late. The two volunteers reported to Pleasants that they had relighted the mine, and that it should go at 4:26 a. m. Once again there was an agonizing delay, but the mine finally exploded at 4:44 a. m. on Saturday, July 30, 1864.¹⁰

The charges, which did such terrible execution, were composed of 320 kegs of powder, each weighing 25 pounds. The total weight of powder was exclusive of that in the powder troughs. These troughs met at the inner end of the main tunnel, whence the blasting fuses led back to the entrance.¹¹

The tunnel, according to statistics, was four and one-half feet wide, five feet high, and twenty feet underground on the average. It was 510.8 feet long, though there is much disagreement on this figure.¹²

The Confederate troops, on July 31st, the day after the battle, immediately started countermining operations. Their object was to dig in and take possession of the Union shaft to prevent its reuse. They sank the countermine near the central point of the Crater, just behind the Confederate earthworks. After digging from eight to ten feet, the gases from the burnt powder and the bodies buried in the Crater began to overcome the Southern miners. Fissures in the earth had caused the gases to spread. Wheat fans were brought from Richmond to draw out the gases so work could continue. The fans, however, made a great deal of noise, and work was slowed up because Federal artillerymen destroyed many of them. It was a number of weeks before the Union tunnel was found. The real source of delay lay in the fact that the miners had to run their galleries

⁹ *Pleasants* gives complete account of these final hurried preparations.

¹⁰ See *Pleasants* for an account of the last few minutes before the explosion.

¹¹ Detailed information on the charge used can be secured from *Pleasants*, although he is incorrect in stating that 14,000 lbs. of powder were used; 8,000 is the correct figure, from *O. R.*, series 2, Vol. 42.

¹² This figure, and the other statistics, may be secured from *O. R.*, series 2, Vol. 42.



VIOLET BANK - LEE'S HEADQUARTERS



BERSLEY HOUSE - LEE'S HEADQUARTERS



GENERAL GORDON'S HEADQUARTERS



MOUNTVIEW - GENERAL WISE'S HEADQUARTERS



GENERAL PICKETT'S HEADQUARTERS



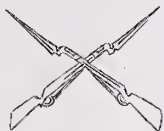
WALLACE HOUSE - GRANT & LINCOLN MET



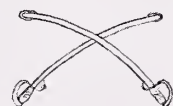
CENTRE HILL - HARTSUFF'S HEADQUARTERS



OLD WELL - FORT SEDGWICK



SITE OF BATTLE - RIVES' FARM
(JUNE 9, 1864)



at random. They were unable to strike directly for the magazine of the mine because the passage was blocked with bodies.¹³

The Crater today presents a vastly changed appearance from what it was when Pleasants saw it. The entrance to the tunnel may still be seen, as may the outlet of the ventilation shaft, but little else of the original tunnel remains to be seen. It has, since 1864, caved in in various places. Off to the sides of the original Union tunnel, one can still see the depressions caused by the caving-in of the Confederate countermines. The Union tunnel is also easily inspected at the point where the powder charge was located, for here the explosion blew it into view. The depression caused by the explosion is now greatly filled in, though it is still an impressive sight. The entire area about the Crater is shaded with trees, and today it looks far more like a park than the bloody battlefield of 1864.

Other Tunnels.

Colonel Blackford, whose book, *War Years With Jeb Stuart*, is the source of much valuable information on the Petersburg campaign, gives us an excellent account of the method of countermining. He was in charge of many engineering operations around Petersburg during the siege. The shafts for these countermines were sunk about 30 feet into the earth. From here, a drift was dug for about ten feet. The next step was to run galleries at right angles to the drift, extending in front of the entire sector to be covered. These tunnels were placed at every salient on the Confederate line and thereby protected them thoroughly from Northern mining operations. After the tunnels were completed, four-inch auger holes were drilled into the side walls, either toward the Union lines or directed upwards. Placed at frequent intervals, these holes, which extended outward for ten or fifteen feet, served as listening posts. The sentries who constantly paced the gallery could, by this method, be warned of the approach of a Union tunnel. Should a Union mine shaft actually break into one of these holes, combustibles were placed in the holes. When lit, these bombs gave off a smoke which travelled into the Union tunnel and suffocated the miners. These bombs were lit by a fuse, and the Confederate end of the hole had to be tightly sealed. After this was done, the sentinel would summon the guard. The next step was to dig in and take possession of the mine while the Federals were held out of it by the smoke. Speed and hard work were necessary actually to drive the Federals from their tunnel.

The Confederate parties which dug these protective tunnels usually consisted of approximately one or two commissioned officers and twenty or thirty men. They were relieved during their job every twelve hours by another group.

¹³ See *War Years With Jeb Stuart*, by William Willis Blackford, Chap. V, Pages 266-67, for information on this Confederate operation. Blackford was in charge of it much of the time and was closely connected with it. Referred to henceforth as *Blackford*.

While one group worked, it was divided into two sections which worked four hours to a shift.

The main shaft would be sunk by means of a windlass and a bucket. Due to the proximity of the Union lines, the earth usually had to be removed in sacks, but when conditions allowed, wheelbarrows were used. In the tunnel, itself, wheelbarrows were used to bring the earth back to the entrance. The central shaft and the workings were timbered securely. As a hindrance to the fast work which was usually necessary, Federal artillery often succeeded in destroying the windlass and the mouth of the shaft.

The battle lines were honeycombed with these tunnels, as is illustrated by the fact that Colonel Blackford speaks of being ordered to dig six himself. He was given a detachment of two hundred men to accomplish his object. Repeated attempts were made by both armies to carry out various tunneling operations, but these mostly failed and consequently are of little importance.¹⁴

During April, 1865, a tunnel was run from Fort Mahone in the Confederate line towards Fort Sedgwick in the Union line. This tunnel and its galleries became known as the "Confederate Tunnels". Many legends have sprung up about these tunnels, though actually they were used to house the Southern troops. Originally, however, they were intended to undermine Fort Sedgwick. The system covers a total of about six hundred yards. The entrance to the tunnels may still be seen near the junction of U. S. Route 301 and the Jerusalem Plank Road, though the tunnels themselves have been condemned as unsafe. The network was dug much in the manner of the other Confederate tunnels, and logs were used to support the roof. The tunnel was dug through red clay and therefore remained intact for many years before it commenced to give way.

It is probably a little known fact that these tunnels were explored in 1923, for the first time since 1865, by two boys, one of whom is Mr. James Sutherland, now a member of the faculty of Petersburg High School, and the other Comdr. Donald Eller, U. S. Navy. During their adventure they were in water, which at no time was below their waists. They found that, except for the entrance, the tunnels were completely inundated. The log supports of the tunnel, upon falling, crumbled into dust when striking them.

The Dams.

The dam on Old Indiantown Creek was the largest dam constructed during the siege. It was built at a point where the creek followed the front line. The object was to create a miniature lake which would protect the line at that point from Federal attack. Built under the direction of the Engineer Corps, it was made completely of earth. Soon after its completion, it gave way, causing the backed up water to flow down the creek into the Appomattox River. Investiga-

¹⁴ See *Blackford*, Chap. V, Pages 262-263, for complete source of this material on southern tunneling operations.

tion showed that the dam gave way because the puddling ditches were not deep enough.

Today one can still see the remains of this dam, or Lee's Dam, as it was called. The creek, rather small at this point, still flows to one side of the huge earthen hill.¹⁵

The only other dam of any importance during the siege was Gracie's Dam, named after Brigadier General Archibald Gracie. Its purpose, also, was to flood a section of the Confederate line to prevent Union attack. The dam was built across Taylor's Creek, in rear of Colquitt's salient of the Confederate line. It acted as a second line of defense. Sometime during the period from 1864 to the present the dam gave way, for now Taylor's Creek flows peaceably by it. Also constructed of earth, it is a much smaller dam than Lee's Dam.¹⁶

In various places along the Confederate line small dams were constructed for defensive purposes, but these have little or no significance, and have by now ceased to exist.

¹⁵ See *Blackford*, Chap. V, Pages 271-272, for information on this Dam.

¹⁶ Information on Gracie's Dam secured by courtesy of Petersburg National Military Park.



Home of General Mahone



Fort Sedgwick

By LOIS SMITH



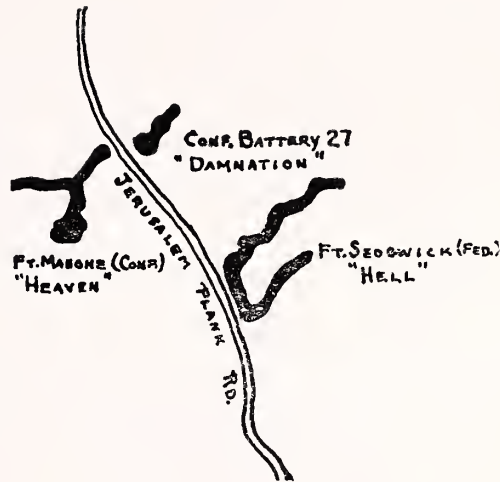
URING our tour of the many historical scenes of the Siege of Petersburg, we arrived at one of the largest, best preserved and most elaborate forts constructed by the Northern army, Fort Sedgwick, otherwise known as "Fort Hell," so named because of its hot position on the enemy lines.

The hand of time, fortunately, has spared the fort, leaving it with almost the same appearance as it had during the War Between the States.

We were shown the artillery officers' headquarters which connected with one of the two major magazines of the fort, and three rooms used by the commanding officer and his staff. A magazine was opened for our inspection. This place for storing gunpowder, guns, and other supplies in time of war was known as a traverse magazine. It was located on the side of a traverse which was at right angles with the parapet and was a protection against shrapnel. Therefore, its main purpose was as a bombproof for the men. Two white crosses which mark the graves of two unknown Union soldiers were pointed out to us in the rear of the fort. A well, dug during the years of the Civil War, is marked. We saw a listening gallery used for the purpose of countermining, and it was told to us that if a pick or axe were to be used in the Confederate tunnels today, you could hear it in the listening gallery. Running along with the floor of the tunnel was a bogie or railroad track in perfect preservation, capable of being used today, which was used for the purpose of carrying the material dug from the tunnels of the soldiers. In the museum at Fort Sedgwick we saw several trench spades, guns, axes, shells, and other relics of that grim war.

Fort Sedgwick was completed prior to July 30, 1864, under the supervision of General Hunt. He ordered the fort to take part in the operations of the "Crater" on July 30th.

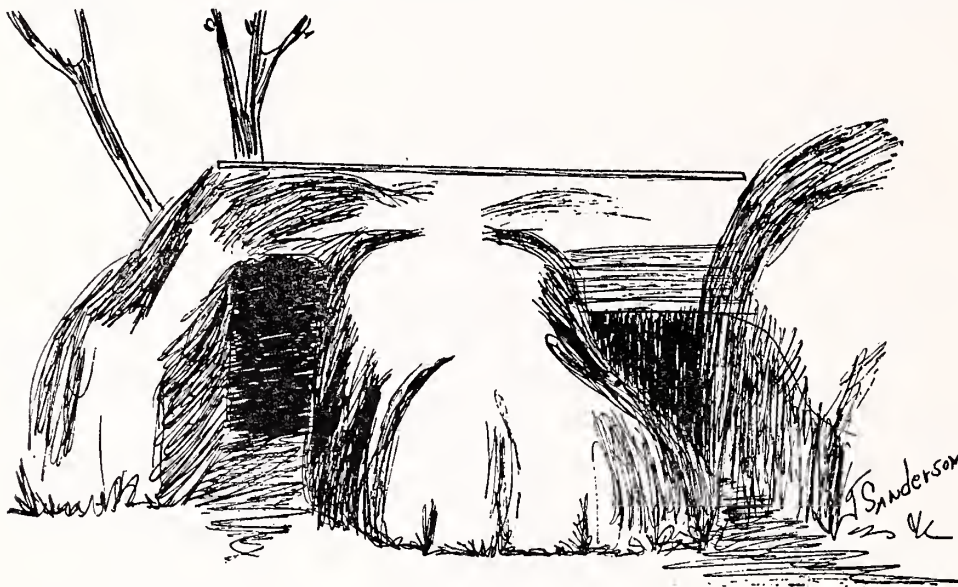
Fort Mahone and Battery 25 on the Confederate line faced Fort Sedgwick. The fighting was so fierce along the Jerusalem Plank Road that Fort Sedgwick was called "Hell", Fort Mahone was named by the Union soldiers "Heaven", due



to the fact that it did so little damage to the Northerners, and Battery 25 was denominated "Damnation". The picket or "vidette" lines which lay between the two armies were called "Purgatory."¹

"Fort Hell" was a large and strongly fortified structure, being constructed in three separate divisions. There was the left battery, Battery 21, which had four embrasures, and Battery 20 with twenty-four and sixty-four-pound mortars. It held the most elevated and the best natural position within the Federal lines. From the fort the enemy's lines and the buildings of Petersburg could be seen. It was visited by famous men such as General Grant, congressmen, and public men.

The interior was concealed by a strong stockade. There was a ditch which surrounded the fort, and a drawbridge was used to cross it. There were bomb-



Entrance to underground room at Fort Sedgewick

proofs which resembled the present day "fox holes".² The dirt was thrown up towards the enemy, and stockade timbers were placed on the same side. These dugouts were seven to nine feet in depth and were covered with logs, tree branches, and with from three to seven feet of dirt. The enemy shelled continuously, but since the men occupied these bombproofs their shells did little damage.³

¹ *The Story of the Forty-Eighth* by Joseph Gould.

² *The Seventh Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers* by William P. Hopkins.

³ *The Story of the Forty-Eighth* by Joseph Gould. *The Campaigns of the Seventeenth Maine* by Edwin B. Houghton.

When Rebel deserters reported that their army was constructing mines, naturally the Union men set up every precaution against mining. In the front ditch several countershafts were placed, between which were excavated listening galleries. There was always water in them and sometimes they were full, a sure sign of safety.⁴

For their own convenience the men dug a well on the west side of the road-bed just to the rear of the fort. They walled it up with the little wood that they could obtain. The curbing around the wall was a sapling floor six feet square.⁴

One of the most important battles in which "Fort Hell" engaged was the memorable Sunday, the second day of April. At 4:00 a. m. the firing commenced, marking the beginning of the end of the Confederate defense of Petersburg. "During the night Petersburg was evacuated, and the next morning, April 3, the guns of the battery were withdrawn from the fort."⁵

⁴ *The Seventh Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers* by William P. Hopkins.

⁵ *History of the Seventh Maine Light Battery Volunteers in the Grant Rebellion* by A. S. Twitchell.

The author wishes to express her appreciation to Mr. David A. Lyon, III, owner of Fort Sedgwick, who gave her access to his library and who helped her with information contained in this article.



Fort Stedman

By JEAN GRIGG



THE LAST great offensive movement of General Lee's army of Northern Virginia was the capture of Fort Stedman and its adjacent works. There, on the morning of March 25th, 1865, at 4:30 a. m., a carefully selected group of Confederates under General John B. Gordon gained possession of the fort. This last attempt at grand strategy undoubtedly was a desperate charge and was executed in the belief that three other Federal forts were situated behind Fort Stedman.

The distance to Fort Stedman from the Confederate lines at the point known as Colquitt's Salient was 150 yards or probably less than at almost any other position on the whole of the defenses¹ and the picket lines were about fifty yards apart². General Gordon hoped to take the three Federal forts by getting to the open space behind them and attacking from there and then by sending his forces out to the right and left over a wide space, thus dividing the enemy's troops.³

General Gordon's stratagem, to which General Lee gave his consent, was this: The Confederates were to remove some of their pickets at Colquitt's during the night so that the Confederate troops might rush through these openings. Then a group of fifty picked men with axes were to cut down the outer stakes protecting Fort Stedman. Three companies of 100 men each were to rush in behind the axemen and enter Fort Stedman. These men were to wear white strips across their uniforms so that they might be distinguished in the dark. Dr. Douglas Freeman in his book "Robert E. Lee" notes that in the Progress-Index newspaper of June 22nd, 1932, Major E. M. Williamson stated that General Gordon sent to Petersburg and purchased cloth with which to prepare these markings. General Gordon says in his reminiscences that Mrs. Gordon was busy for many nights stitching these white bands. After entering Fort Stedman, the companies were, according to Dr. Freeman, to pretend to be Federals driven from the front positions and directed by the Federal commander to man the forts behind the lines. This done, the main body of infantry was to move up and down the Federal line while cavalry were to go through the fortified areas and destroy Grant's communications.⁴

General Gordon asked General Lee to find three guides to lead the companies. It was necessary that the guides should know the land well and be able

¹ *R. E. Lee*, Douglas Freeman, Vol. IV, P. 14.

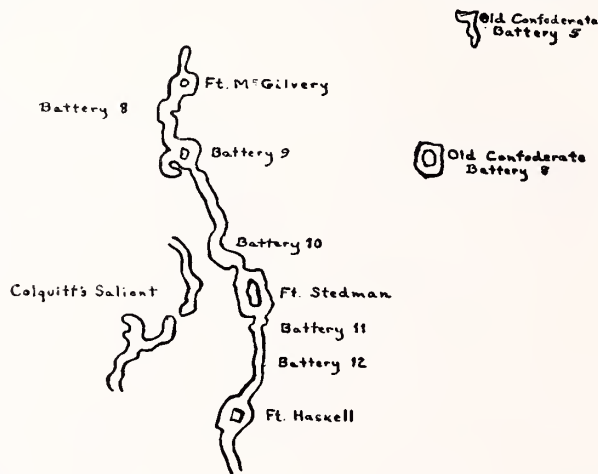
² *Parke*, Chap. LVII P. 316 O. R.

³ *R. E. Lee*, Douglas Freeman, Vol. IV., P. 14.

⁴ *Gordon*, 401 ff.

to find their way. General Lee found the men whom he said he did not know personally but who were recommended to him.⁵ As evidence of General Lee's desperation, four and a half divisions of infantry and one division of cavalry were sent to Colquitt's which thereby left the rest of the line nearly destitute of men.⁶

Early on March 25th, the stakes had been removed and fifty men with axes were ready to cut apart the enemy's outer defenses. In the midst of this tense event General Gordon tells of an amusing incident which supposedly occurred when an enemy sentry called out to learn what the noise was. In reply, one of



BATTLE OF FORT STEDMAN

the Rebels announced, "We're only getting some provisions." Knowing the shortage of rations suffered by both armies, the sentry did not raise an alarm. The men often called out to each other when cutting corn from a small field which lay between the lines. In return for this kindness the Confederate shouted a warning to the sentry just before Gordon's men rushed across to the Federal fort.

Major-General John G. Parke of the Federals said in his report concerning the Confederate entrance to the fort: "Taking advantage of the order allowing deserters to bring arms with them, the enemy sent forward squads of pretended deserters, who by this ruse, gained possession of the picket posts."⁷ A similar statement is made in the report of Lt. General U. S. Grant⁸

The signal to attack was given at about four o'clock. Soon the troops were in the enemy fort and were moving toward the rear where the three forts were supposedly located.

A while later Gordon reported this news: The officers could not find the rear forts—the main object of the enterprise. The guides had been lost. Confused fighting followed, and soon it was observed that the Federals were calling up reserves and pelting Fort Stedman with strong fire. At about eight o'clock General Lee ordered Gordon to withdraw to his own lines.

Major Christian Woerner of the Federals described in a report published in

⁵ Gordon, 405.

⁶ O. R., 46, Part 3.

⁷ O. R., 46, Part 3.

⁸ U. S. Grant's Memoirs, Vol 2, Appendix.

the official records a movement made by the Confederates toward Fort Haskell. A strong column of infantry marching in close column from Fort Stedman on Fort Haskell was supposed at first to be Federal infantry, the morning being still dark. This infantry group was repelled in a short time, however, and did not actually enter Fort Haskell.

Fort Haskell and Fort McGilvery trained their guns on Fort Stedman and turned the fort into a place of slaughter in which hundreds were killed. Many gave up rather than try to retreat and face almost certain death.

Therefore the story of Fort Stedman was sad indeed. Dr. Freeman recounts that what Gordon had taken to be supporting forts were, in reality, old Confederate works that had been occupied and lost during the fighting of the 15th-18th of June, 1864. Except at the risk of a very heavy loss of life, it had not been possible to advance. To remain was useless in itself.

Soon the Federals took the entrenched picket lines, having advanced along the whole right of Lee's position nearly to Hatcher's Run.⁹ In this counterstroke about 800 Confederates were taken prisoner.

Therefore the retreat from Petersburg must start. The sooner it was started, the greater chance of eluding Grant. General Lee did not probe the reasons for failure or blame either Gordon or his subordinates,¹⁰ but in the events of the day he saw his plan utterly destroyed.

Today there remains a well preserved fort commemorating the fighting around Fort Stedman. A monument has been erected behind the outer breastworks, and from Fort Stedman, Colquitt's Salient is easily visible. A road which divides the two forts runs over approximately the same ground where once the small intervening field had been, and even now, the original lines and fortifications, arranged nearly in a semi-circle, can be seen.

⁹ *R. E. Lee*, Douglas Freeman, Vol. IV., P. 19.

¹⁰ *R. E. Lee*, Douglas Freeman, Vol. IV., P. 20.



The Battle of Five Forks

By ROY ANDERSON



OUR TOUR of the many batteries and forts around Petersburg was fittingly brought to a close at Five Forks. To the passerby, Five Forks is only a crossroad where White Oak Road crosses Ford's Road and two other trails cut southward to make five forks. But to the military student it marks the strategic point in that sector about twelve miles west of Petersburg which the Confederates, during that mighty conflict between the North and South, considered important on account of its location as an observation point from which to watch the movements of the surging forces of Sheridan in his attempt to reach the Southside Railroad, Lee's main line of communication between Petersburg and the rest of his Confederates. To those of us who cherish the memory of our illustrious forebears, it is hallowed ground, for it was here, during the week beginning March 27, 1865, that the Blues and Greys met in one horrible conflict resulting in the overwhelming defeat of the Southerners.

Surely, undying glory will cling around this and other Virginia battlefields whereon her sons and their brothers of the South confronted their gigantic foe and won victory after victory against tremendous odds until their country's resources were exhausted and victory was no longer possible to human valor.

During these last dark days of the Confederacy, General Robert E. Lee and the officers of the Confederate Army were beginning to realize that they were fighting a losing battle. Their men and equipment had become so depleted that it was becoming increasingly more difficult each day to combat the forces of the Federals. At that time the Federals were marching on Petersburg and Richmond. In order to save these cities, General Lee realized he must not permit them to take any part of the southside Railroad, which was the prime objective of any attempt Grant might make to drive Lee from Petersburg.

On March 29, the Confederates learned that Federal cavalry and infantry were moving to the southwest from Monk's Neck Bridge. Three brigades of Pickett's men were ordered to Sutherland Station. There Pickett, "Dick" Anderson and Harry Heth were met by General Lee, who rode out from Petersburg to confer with them personally. They were told that the enemy had reached Dinwiddie Courthouse, six miles from Monk's Neck Bridge, and that there was an advance of Federal cavalry toward Five Forks.

Pickett was placed in general command and told to take his three brigades, two of "Dick" Anderson's, and six guns under the command of Col. William J. Pegram, and march to Five Forks where Fitz Lee then was. W. H. F. Lee and Rosser were also to report there. From Five Forks they were to advance on the Courthouse and attack the enemy.

The advance was started immediately westward from White Oak Road to Five Forks, a distance of four miles, over a flat country of woods and small open fields cut by swollen streams. The march was slow because of constant skirmishing. However, about 4:30 p. m. Pickett reached Five Forks and, as had been planned, found Fitz Lee and his men awaiting him. Later, W. H. F. Lee and Tom Rosser, having braved the high waters, arrived and reported.

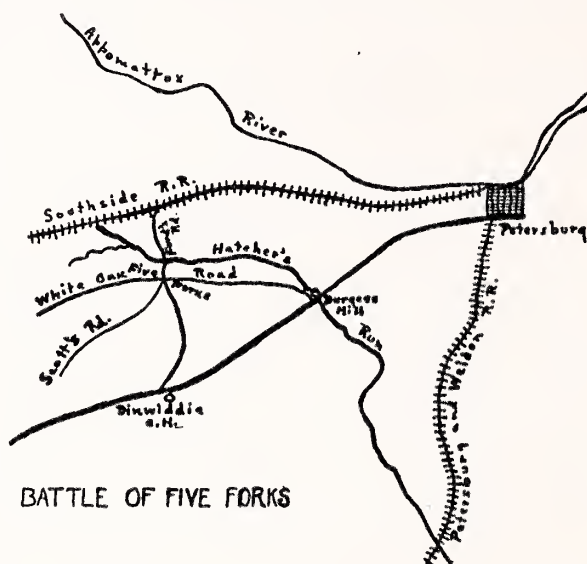
It was Pickett's intention to advance that evening toward Dinwiddie Courthouse, but due to the late hour and a downpour of rain the advance was delayed until 10:30 a. m. of the following day.

Beset by the constant fire of the enemy, as darkness fell, the Southerners were within half a mile of the Courthouse. At this point Pickett observed that the Federals were in such strength that he should not expose his already weakened Confederates to so great a host.

Thus orders were given to withdraw, and at daybreak on the first of April the grey column began to retreat through the mud to the ground that they had occupied before the march to Dinwiddie Courthouse. Hungry and weary, after the long march, and finding no food, the men had to rob the horses of some of their corn, which they parched over a fire.

When the infantry reached Five Forks, Pickett, fearing the Federals were planning to separate him from the Confederates to the east of him, sent a telegram to Lee asking him to try to prevent this. He then sent his wagons across Hatcher's Run and would have placed his men on the north bank of the stream had he not received a telegram from General Lee saying, "Hold Five Forks at all hazards. Protect road to Ford's Depot and prevent Union forces from striking the Southside Railroad. Regret exceedingly your forced withdrawal and your inability to hold the advantage you had gained."

Pickett halted at Five Forks. He assumed that, since news of his retreat had been received at Headquarters, a division would be sent to help him. Thinking this, Pickett may not have been careful in placing his troops to meet the awaited attack. Hearing nothing of the oncoming Federals, Pickett



thought operations were being temporarily suspended. Fitz Lee was confident his men and Pickett's could withstand any attack of Sheridan's forces. They reasoned, too, that if Federal infantry left their lines to support Sheridan, a like force from Anderson would be sent to Five Forks.

These two officers were unaware of the fact that Anderson had orders that morning from the commanding general to attack near Burgess' Mill in order to protect Pickett's advance toward Dinwiddie Courthouse. Anderson had met with defeat, losing 800 of his men and was now in such a weakened condition that he was not able to give further aid to Pickett and Fitz Lee.

Unfortunately at this time, Tom Rosser had spent a day on the Nottoway River before moving to Five Forks. The shad were running. He borrowed a seine and caught many fine fish. Some he sent to the men at Five Forks and with the remainder he arranged a shad-bake, inviting Generals Pickett and Fitz Lee. Over-confident and not realizing the crisis ahead and feeling all precaution had been taken for the approaching attack, Pickett accepted. Fitz Lee likewise accepted.

Just before Lee left for Rosser's headquarters, Tom Munford rushed up to him with the startling dispatch that Sheridan had reached the White Oak Road and had destroyed contact between Pickett's forces and the Confederates on the left. Thus the thing Pickett had dreaded had come to pass. His troops were isolated. Fitz Lee calmly told Munford to go immediately and find the meaning of this and report to him. Shortly afterward, Munford saw Fitz Lee and Pickett ride away toward Hatcher's Run but did not know where they were going. This automatically left Rooney Lee in command. Munford, in this event, was to serve in Fitz Lee's place. Col. Pegram was the artilleryist. These men did not know that Pickett and Fitz Lee had left the lines, and thus were unaware of their duties at the time.

The shad-bake was an enjoyable feast. Food was abundant and, if there was anything to drink, it was probably not refused. The hours slipped by so pleasantly the generals were seemingly unaware of the length of time they were away from their commands.

Suddenly, two of Rosser's pickets appeared with a report that the enemy was approaching. Calmly, Pickett asked Rosser for a courier to take a message to Five Forks. The request was granted and two couriers were sent. The generals, oblivious of the approaching catastrophe, sat around the fire and engaged in friendly conversation. Soon a burst of infantry fire was heard and in plain view the generals saw one of the couriers captured by the Federals, and all around the enemy could be seen. The party ended abruptly. Pickett, hastening across Hatcher's Run, met Tom Munford directing a group of Fitz Lee's retreating division. Pickett, seeing the Federals, shouted, "Do hold them back until I can pass to Five Forks." Young Captain Breckinridge overheard Pickett's appeal and, in attempting to grant this request, lost his life in a brief counterattack, but

it probably saved Pickett's. Pickett successfully reached Five Forks. Fitz Lee, trying to reach his troops by the same route, was encountered by the enemy. Subsequently, he attempted to lead Rosser's men by Ford's Road to Five Forks, but was turned back.

Meanwhile, Col. Pegram, commanding the artillery, rode out between his guns to direct the firing and was mortally wounded. He was taken behind the lines by his adjutant, Gordon McCabe, and died several hours later.

By the time Pickett and Fitz Lee had returned to duty, they realized that the battle which had started while they were at the shad-bake was now ending. Sheridan's mighty force of 30,000 against Pickett's 10,000 had brought swift disaster to the Confederates.

During the afternoon of the attack, Munford, observing the preparation Sheridan was making, sent couriers again and again to Fitz Lee and Pickett to inform them of the approaching attack, but neither of the generals could be found. No one being in command, chaos and a lack of cooperation reigned among the officers next in command. As Pickett reached the scene of battle, the Confederate left was retreating. W. H. F. Lee was able to hold the Federals back and at dark joined Fitz Lee with Rosser's men north of Hatcher's Run. Panic reigned among Pickett's men who escaped from the field of battle.

In two short hours disaster and defeat had come to the men in grey. 634 had lost their lives. 3244 were captured along with eleven flags and one gun. Thus, the forces that Lee had hoped would save his right flank were brought to defeat in the memorable battle of Five Forks.

As we stood at this now peaceful spot on that cold, bleak day, we imagined it was just such a day as this when those men in grey, scarred in battle, met defeat. Our journey completed, we climbed into our cars for the trip home, but our thoughts lingered long over the stirring incidents which had been related to us. Surely, those men who died in defense of their country were as true patriots as ever gave their lives in any war. To us, as to every Southerner, their brilliant deeds will live forever in the annals of history in testimony of the valor of a brave band of courageous soldiers.

SOURCES:

"Lee's Lieutenants", Vol. I and IV, Douglas Freeman.

"The South in the Building of a Nation", Vol I.

"War Talks of Confederate Veterans", George S. Bernard.

The Death of a Great Leader

By AMANDA SMITH



HE NAME of Lieutenant General Ambrose Powell Hill ranked high among the brave and courageous leaders of the Confederate forces during the Civil War. This has been said about General Hill, "He needs no eulogy from any. Those attached to his person or often in contact have simply to say 'We loved him'."¹

On April 1, 1865 from early morning until night General Hill, his staff, and couriers stayed in the saddle. At about 9:00 p. m. they stopped in front of Fort Gregg. The General talked for a short time with his staff and with the few soldiers who were in the trenches there. He seemed lost in thought, being much concerned over the position of the Confederate line. It had become so stretched that it broke that very night. After inspecting his lines, General Hill spent the night across from his corps headquarters (at Indiana, on an extension of Washington Street) at Venable's cottage.

Cannon began to boom around nightfall in front of Petersburg and, hour by hour, the cannonading became heavier. Around two or three o'clock on the morning of April 2nd, Colonel Palmer, Chief of Staff, woke Major Starke, Acting Adjutant General. He asked the Major to learn the effect of the incessant firing and to report back to him at once. Before daylight Major Starke returned, bringing the report that the enemy had part of the Confederate line near the Rives salient and that matters looked critical on the lines in front of the city. Just before the sun came up, General Hill went to headquarters and inquired whether any report had come from General Wilcox and General Heth. Their divisions reached from the front of Fort Gregg past Burgess' Mill on Hatcher's Run. Colonel Palmer told General Hill that no report had been received except the one from Major Starke.

General Hill returned to his tent. Several minutes passed. Then the Colonel saw his colored servant leading the General's saddled horse to his tent. Just as the General was mounting, Colonel Parker ran up and asked for permission to go with him. The General refused and told the Colonel to wake the rest of the staff and to have the headquarters' wagons hitched up. He also said that, accompanied by Sergeant Tucker and two couriers, he was going to General Lee's headquarters and that he would return immediately after an interview with General Lee. General Hill rode quickly away. The couriers, Kirkpatrick and Jenkins, soon followed and arrived at Lee's headquarters a few minutes after the General. The sergeant saddled his horse and followed the couriers. He met Kirkpatrick on the road, coming back from Lee's headquarters, riding at full speed. Hill had ordered him to ride directly back to headquarters and to tell

¹ Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. XI.



Colonel Palmer to follow him immediately to the right, and also to direct the staff and couriers to rally the men on the right.

Sergeant Tucker met General Hill and Jenkins at the front gate of Lee's headquarters. They rode off across the road and into the opposite field, going due south. Sometime later, two Federal soldiers were suddenly seen a short distance away. Sergeant Tucker and Jenkins were quickly upon the two men and commanded them to surrender. They instantly laid down their guns and, at the General's command, Jenkins rode back to General Lee's headquarters with the two prisoners. The Sergeant and the General rode on. Tucker noticed a group of men in the former winter quarters of General Mahone's division. These quarters were on a hill just beyond the branch which they were approaching.

The Sergeant pointed to the old camp and asked, "General what troops are those?"

"The enemy's," Hill replied.

"Please excuse me, General, but where are you going?"

General Hill answered, "Sergeant, I must go to the right as quickly as possible. We will go up this side of the branch to the woods which will cover us until reaching the fields in the rear of General Heth's quarters. I hope to find the road clear at General Heth's."

The Sergeant was very much impressed with the courage of the general, for he was taking a big risk. The Sergeant rode a short distance ahead of General Hill, his pistol drawn. They passed the branch and rode into the woods directly across from Boydton plank road. They saw no one while going through the woods. With the exception of a few remarks concerning the route, nothing was said except one significant sentence: "Sergeant, should anything happen to me you must go back to General Lee and report it," General Hill said.

After emerging from the woods, they came into a field opposite General Heth's quarters, two miles southwest from General Lee's headquarters and at right angles with the Boydton plank road. A road near by was full of troops. The General, raising his field glasses, said simply, "They are there." That was all the explanation necessary. Sergeant Tucker knew they were enemy troops.

"Which way now, General?"

"We must keep on to the right." He pointed to the woods parallel to the Boydton plank road about a hundred yards from where the horses stood. The Sergeant rode quickly ahead and had gone about two thirds of the distance when suddenly he spotted six or eight Federal soldiers. Two were a little ahead of the others. The Federals rushed forward to the cover of a large tree at the edge of the woods. Both stationed themselves on the same side of the tree, one just above the other. They leveled their guns. Sergeant Tucker looked at General Hill. The General said, "We must take them." He reached for his pistol.

"Stay there. I'll take them," the Sergeant said. They were then about twenty yards from the Federal soldiers.

The Sergeant shouted, "If you fire, you'll be swept to hell! Our men are here. Surrender!" General Hill, who was right beside the Sergeant was also shouting, "Surrender." The Federal soldiers, just ten yards away, covered them with their muskets. Both men fired. Sergeant Tucker lunged forward towards the horse's neck and, reaching out, caught the bridle of the General's horse. He wheeled to the left and, turning, saw the General lying motionless on the ground. The ball had struck his pistol hand and had gone into his body just above the heart.

The Sergeant, mindful of his General's last order, swiftly entered the woods and reported General Hill's death to Lee. General Lee directed Colonel Palmer to tell Mrs. Hill the news. "Colonel, break the news to her as gently as possible," he said.

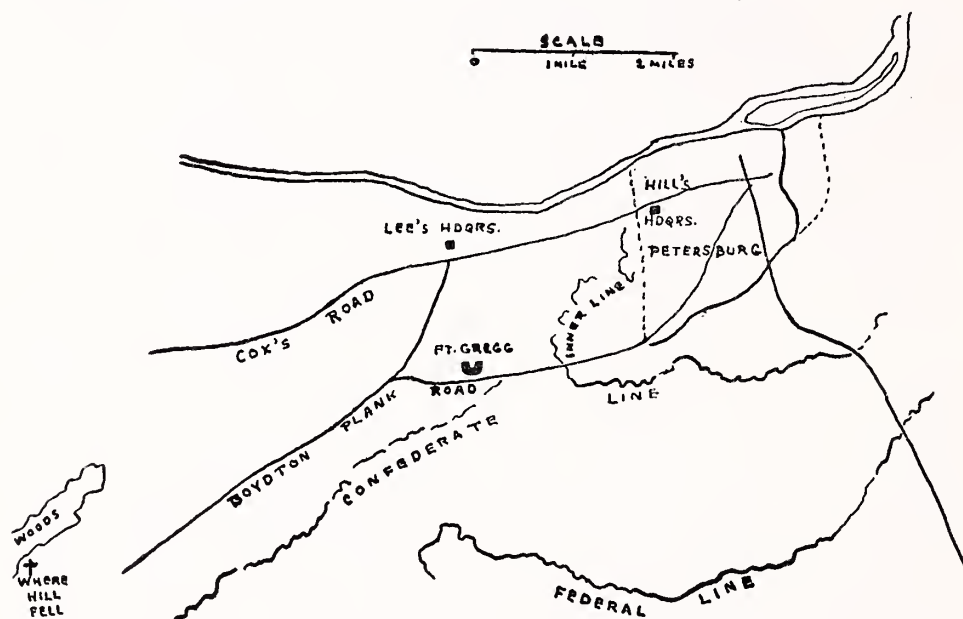
The fifth Alabama Battalion, Provost Guard to General Hill's Corps, found the General's body later on. Nothing about it had been disturbed and it was still slightly warm.

General Hill was buried near the banks of the James River in Chesterfield County. He was later moved to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.

So ended the life of a courageous soldier who even in the face of great danger was determined to do his duty with no regard for his own personal safety.

"The Confederacy had no more gallant soldier, no more devoted patriot, no more self-sacrificing servant than the accomplished gentleman who yielded up his noble life on that last sad day at Petersburg."²

² Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., secretary, Southern Historical Society.



Battle of Fort Gregg

By VICTOR WOERNER LAVENSTEIN



TEN MINUTE ride over hard-surfaced roads by automobile brings one to what was once the scene of one of the most heroic last ditch stands of the Confederacy. As one views what remains of Fort Gregg, he sees a semi-circular earthwork about one hundred feet in length covered with vines and bushes. In front of this earthwork there is a ditch which served as an added hazard to any attacking troops. The remains of the fort are located about fifty yards from the public highway which was once the Boydton plank road. In front of the fort is placed a small sign on which is written just two words, "Fort Gregg". The peaceful countryside belies the fact that one of the great moments of Confederate history occurred at this very spot.

The year was 1865 and General Grant was determined to capture Petersburg in the spring. The main objective of the Union Army had already been accomplished with the capture of the Weldon and Petersburg Railroad, one of the main supply lines of the Confederacy. If General Grant could extend his lines to cut off Lee from the Southside Railroad, this would sever Lee's last line of supplies from the South. The Confederate lines were in danger of breaking since they had been badly stretched. A. P. Hill's corps was on the right of Gordon's, Anderson's corps held the center, and Longstreet's was on the left.

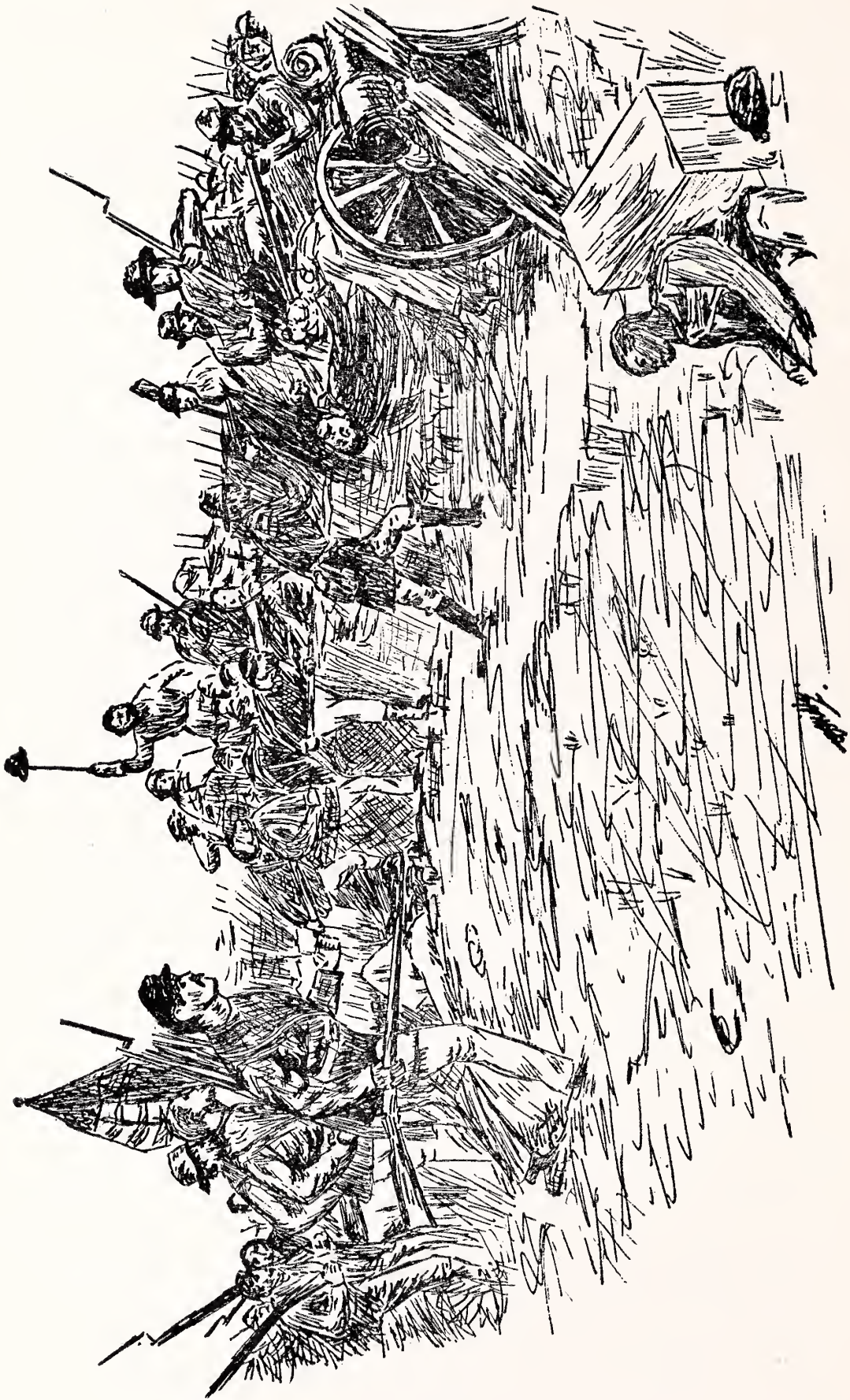
To make matters even worse for the Confederacy Sheridan had formed a junction with the Army of the Potomac under Meade and the Army of the James under General Ord.

Lee's position was desperate, and in order to save the remnants of his army he had to evacuate Petersburg. His only hope was to outmarch the Union Army and join forces with General Joe Johnston in the South. Then, together, they would fall on the Federals under Sherman, destroy a wing of the Union Army and thus raise the morale of the "Men in Gray". By this move Lee hoped to prolong the war and force a satisfactory settlement and conclude the struggle which had exhausted both North and South.

General Grant anticipated Lee's move and shifted his forces accordingly to enable him to make a swift pursuit of the retreating forces. Pickett's infantry and Fitz Lee's cavalry were to delay the pursuit by the Federals.

The victorious Union forces were ready to attack the entire Confederate line after having crushed the Confederate right wing at Five Forks. The main blow against Fort Gregg was to be delivered by Gibbon's corps.

On the night of April 1, 1865 the Federals bombarded the entrenched line all night. Since the defenses east and west of Petersburg had been destroyed,



General Lee started to put his plan of retreat into execution the following day, and after nightfall the army started evacuating Petersburg.

One of the important bastions in the defense line of the Confederate Army was Fort Gregg which protected its southwest flank. The Confederates had to hold this fortification until nightfall to make possible an orderly retreat. If the Federals succeeded in capturing Fort Gregg, only a west line of inner fortification remained to protect Petersburg, and thus the loss of Fort Gregg might have caused the battle to have been fought in the streets of Petersburg.

Between three hundred and four hundred troops of Wilcox's Division and Harris' Brigade were placed in Fort Gregg with orders to hold it to the last man. The last great stand to protect Petersburg was fought at this fort. The Union troops had to be detained until Longstreet could get into position to cover Lee's retreat.

On the afternoon of April 2nd the Federals under General Gibbon prepared to assault Fort Gregg and to advance northwardly past General Lee's headquarters to the Appomattox River.

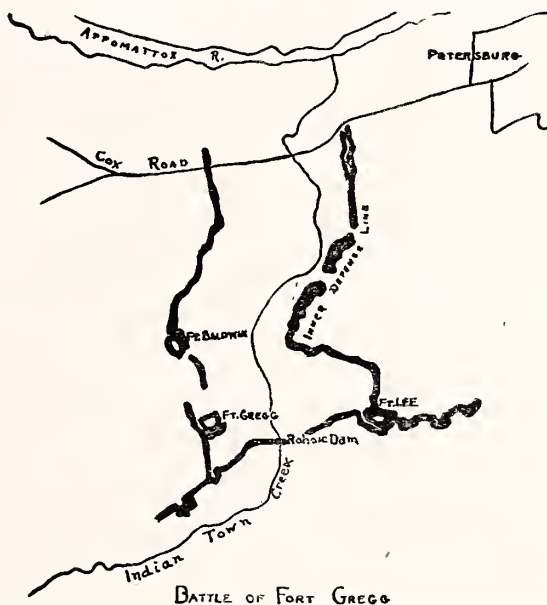
This attack came during a lull in the battle along other parts of the line, and weary men leaned upon their weapons to witness the attack, which was a magnificent spectacle.

Fort Gregg was held by the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi Regiments commanded by Lt. Col. James H. Duncan. The little artillery in the fort was a section of the Third Company of Washington Artillery from Louisiana commanded by Lt. Frank McElroy.

Opposed to these defenders were about five thousand Federal troops. This great number had to be used to subdue the fierce little garrison of valiant Confederates.

On the morning of April 2nd at 6:50 o'clock General Ord, who commanded the Federal Army of the James, ordered Gibbon with his Twenty-Fourth Corps to attack the Confederate positions. He was aided in this task by Generals Turner and Foster, who commanded the divisions of his corps.

Harris' Brigade was formed on Foster's left. Turner's other two brigades



were formed to the rear and left of Foster. Then Foster's line was directed to charge Fort Gregg in its front. The Union troops advanced steadily and rapidly forward under a heavy fire of both artillery and musketry in the following order: **Osborne's First Brigade** was on the right, the **Third, Dandy's**, was in the center, and the **Fourth, Fairchild's**, in echelon on the left.

It might be of interest to note here that just previous to this advance the Confederate troops had retreated from Fort Gregg to a distance of about one hundred yards when a messenger, a major on General Lee's staff, galloped up with a message for Colonel Duncan. The message read, "Hold the fort to the last man," signed R. E. Lee. The troops immediately returned to the fort and prepared to carry out the order to the best of their ability.

The **Thirty-ninth Illinois Volunteers** of **Osborne's Brigade** struck the front and the angle of the fort on the Federal right and, next, the angle on the road. The **Sixty-seventh Ohio Volunteers** also hit the angle on the road. The **Sixty-second Ohio Volunteers** and the **One Hundred Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania** also struck the angle. They swept on around to the rear of the fort trying to find a break in its construction but found it to be completely enclosed.

According to observers the fort literally belched fire at the oncoming Federals.

The **Eleventh Maine** with General Dandy in support assaulted Fort Gregg directly in the center. These troops attacked at the double quick. The **Eighty-ninth New York** and the **One Hundred Fifty-eighth New York** struck Fort Gregg on the left.

At this time more Union troops advanced onto the field in front of Fort Gregg. They moved in, holding their fire until they reached the **Boydton plank road** which is about fifty yards from the front of the fort. Then these troops lay down and poured in an accurate fire on the defenders.

The attacking Federals found the fort to be surrounded by a ditch half filled with water. Without hesitation the Federals dropped into the ditch and tried to climb the parapet. The Confederates took advantage of this situation and began to roll bombs on top of the Federals in the ditch. This, of course checked the Union assault for the time being. The Federals drew off to lick their wounds, and this stubborn defense by the tiny garrison made a third assault necessary.

In the final assault the Federals again stormed the parapet. They completely surrounded the fort and they reached the parapet under a terrific fire. For the next twenty minutes it was a hand-to-hand fight to the death. Even though the fort was surrounded, it did not surrender immediately, and even after they did surrender, fist-fights about the fort continued for about twenty-five minutes.

The fighting on the parapet was terrific. Inside the fort the Confederates displayed the utmost valor, courage, and heroism. Badly wounded soldiers

loaded and handed guns to their comrades. It is understandable that the Federals had so much difficulty in coping with this little garrison who had such a terrific fighting spirit.

The battle rose to its fiercest point as the Union troops in force gained the parapet. They were bayoneted and hacked at by the Confederates and fell into the moat. For a time both sides used the butts and bayonets of their rifles since the action was too close and fierce to allow a man to load and fire a rifle or musket. After the Confederates were reduced to no weapons at all, they continued to battle the Federals with their bare hands. The Federals, after storming the parapet, began to slaughter the few remaining Confederates unmercifully. The fighting finally ended when the Confederates dropped from exhaustion.

The Second Brigade of Turner's independent division commanded by Curtis is given credit for being the first brigade to enter the captured fort. The first to place its colors on the parapet was the Twelfth West Virginia. Private Joseph R. Logsdon, Company C, Twelfth West Virginia, was shot down just as he placed the flag staff in the ground. Captain William A. Smiley, Company D, Twelfth West Virginia, received the surrender of Duncan.

The Federals captured two rifled three-inch guns with caisson and ammunition, about two hundred and fifty prisoners, and fifty dead Confederates. The Federal loss in killed, wounded and missing was one thousand and seventy. About seven hundred and fifty of these lost their lives in the assaults on Fort Gregg.

At twelve o'clock on the night of April 2, 1865, the last man and gun of the once mighty Army of Northern Virginia that had so ably defended Petersburg for nearly a year passed over pontoon bridges, and the march that was to end at Appomattox Courthouse began. The defenders of Fort Gregg had not died in vain.

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Acknowledgment is herewith made to the help rendered by Mr. George Emory of the U. S. Park Service.



Important Buildings in the War Years

By ANNE DOAK



IN THE spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, the small but prosperous town of Petersburg felt for the first time a vague uneasiness concerning its security. Until this time, it had been forced to stand no greater strains than those inflicted upon any city in a warring country. Certainly a more sincerely patriotic community did not exist in the entire Southland. No matter what the call, whether for its sons or its resources, Petersburg answered it cheerfully and to the best of its ability. For three years the war had occupied the conversations and waking thoughts of its people, but as rumors of the rapid approach of the better part of both Grant's and Butler's forces reached their anxious ears in the latter part of May, the possibility of a siege or even the capture of the city became not a matter for interesting speculation, but a very real threat. Thus the people were not wholly unprepared for the surprise attack by Kautz's Union cavalry at the back door of the city on the ninth of June. This advance was heroically repelled, but the city had overnight become a point of great strategic importance. Naturally, this sudden change was not without a marked effect on the outward signs of activity within the limits of the city. The tranquillity of the pleasant, tree-lined streets was continuously broken by the thundering hoofs of cavalry horses, which, with their riders, quickly vanished in clouds of dust. Less frequently a mounted officer would pass, at a slower pace, but with the same appearance of dogged determination. But one of the most noteworthy changes, and the one with which we are chiefly concerned in this article, was the fact that by the end of July, 1864, an impressive number of the most illustrious of the Confederate military leaders were sheltered in and around the city. Certainly, the fact that so many of the handsome mansions and a few humbler residences were so hospitably opened to these great and near-great men exemplifies the unselfish spirit of the people.

Headquarters Buildings

There is no record of the first general to make his headquarters in Petersburg during the siege, but among the earliest was the capable Frenchman, General P. G. T. Beauregard, who established his headquarters at Porter Hill, the old Harrison home. The mansion which stood on the east side of Harrison Street, above Early Street, was razed soon after the war and the spacious grounds were divided into building lots, so that no evidences of this famous old estate remain to enlighten the interested bystander.

Close upon the heels of his troops, General Robert E. Lee rode into Petersburg about eleven o'clock on the morning of June eighteenth. It is characteristic of his thoughtfulness that he refused the invitation of the Shippen family of Violet Bank to occupy their home, located just north of the Appomattox River, near the Petersburg-Richmond Turnpike, but, instead, set up his headquarters on the lawn, in a leaky tent which had served this purpose since the West Virginia campaign of '61. During the long summer Lee frequently attended the morning services conducted by the Rev. William Platt, who was forced to use the grove at Violet Bank



for this purpose, since his own church, St. Paul's, had been rendered unsafe by its exposure to the shelling. Sidney Lanier, who attended one of these services while stationed in Petersburg, writes of watching the general doze off during the sermon and describes his countenance as majestic even in repose. From here, on the morning of July 30th, Lee heard the tremendous explosion of the "Crater" mine and received the report which confirmed his fears. By the first of November, the falling of the leaves had exposed Violet Bank to the full view of the enemy batteries across the Appomattox and Lee was forced to remove to the



Beasley House at 558 High Street. Again, he insisted on establishing himself in his tent on the grounds, for he always feared his presence in the house would endanger its occupants. His stay here was short, for on November 25th he decided to move his headquarters farther to the right in order to be in closer contact with his left flank, which was attempting to stem Grant's advance toward the strategic Southside Railroad.

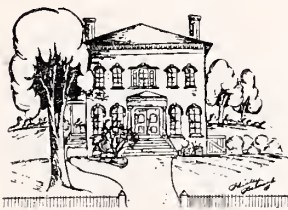
Because of his poor health and the fact that his aide had turned in the tent, he was prevailed upon to make his headquarters in the home of the Turnbull family at their invitation. This residence known as "Edge Hill" stood on the north side of Cox Road near the intersection of U. S. Highway No. 1. Lee was shown many kindnesses by his neighbors and, for that matter, by many of the city's citizens, who brought him gifts of food—whatever they were able to spare from their own meager stores. The beloved general appreciated these generous contributions, but never accepted them for himself, sending them instead to one of the nearby army hospitals. Unfortunately, he could not fully enjoy such kindnesses, for the military outlook was a gloomy one for the South and he saw the end fast approaching. On April second he ordered the evacuation of Petersburg, and he himself abandoned his headquarters only a few hours before the house was destroyed by Union artillery. While "Edge Hill", the only house actually occupied by Lee, was destroyed, Violet Bank and the

Beasley house still stand much as they did then, although the latter has been recently renovated.

Perhaps the most disputed location and the one about which the most conflicting statements have been made, is that of the Mingea house, known to have been General Bushrod Johnson's headquarters. By summarizing from the available sources and according to the statement of a direct descendant of the Mingea family, the actual site may be definitely established as just off Crater Road, on the crest of the hill diagonally across from the office of Blandford Cemetery, south of Mingea Street and southeast of the intersection of South Little Church Street and Mingea Street. The old lot is now the northeast section of the colored cemetery, and a clump of trees marks the exact site of the house, which was destroyed some time before 1890.

Until his tragic death on April 2, 1865, Lieutenant General Ambrose P. Hill had his headquarters in an encampment upon the grounds of "Indiana", near the end of Washington Street, opposite the present Mock Orange Athletic Field, and immediately beyond Battersea Lane. This was an ideal situation, as he was near the Confederates' left flank and in close touch with his family, who resided in a cottage across the street on the property of James M. Venable, the athletic field being a part of the Venable estate.

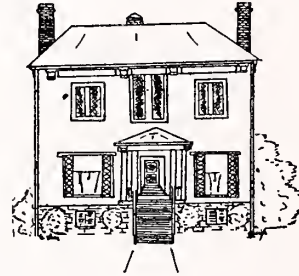
North of West High Street and near the northern terminal of South Street, stands the old McKenzie home, "Mount View," upon the traditional site of Fort Henry. Here Brigadier General Henry A. Wise had his headquarters during the siege in several of the outbuildings of the estate. His son, John Wise, writes of having tea with his father under the trees on the lawn, and of the generosity of Mr. Dunlop, his host, who had supplied them with "knives, forks, plates, and table outfit". Though their beds were made up on the floor, the quarters are described as "very comfortable, with some features of decent living, such as tables, chairs, and a few books."



With a mention of Lieutenant General William Mahone's headquarters in the Scribner, later the Branch home, on the site of the present Country Club, during the siege of Petersburg, we will turn to those residences which served similarly but which were closer to the heart of the city. General "Billy", Petersburg born and Petersburg bred, lived for many years previous to the war with his family in what is now the McKenney Library building. However, during the war his family found it necessary to evacuate to safer ground, and the general, for good reasons of his own, decided to transfer his residence to the western part of the city. The last years of his life were spent in the imposing brick residence still standing on

the west side of South Market street between Washington and Lawrence Streets, to which the family moved shortly after the end of the war.

A little farther north on the same street and adjoining the property of the H. P. Harrison Company stands a three-story frame structure, at that time the home of the late J. Pinckney Williamson and headquarters of Major General John B. Gordon during the siege.



The quaint old street boast still another famous home. On the southwest corner of Brown and Market Streets stands the old Wallace-Seward mansion, scene of the meeting of Lincoln and Grant on April 3, 1865, the day after the Confederate evacuation of Petersburg. As Grant and his staff were awaiting Lincoln's arrival on the porch, which has since been extended, the only people to be seen in the streets of the sorrowing and apprehensive city were Negroes attempting to sell the worthless Confederate currency as souvenirs. More than likely, the purpose of this meeting was a discussion of the expected surrender of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. The mutual respect between the Union general and his host, Mr. Wallace, is illustrated by the former's refusal of an invitation to use the parlor, with the explanation that he was smoking, and the latter's statement to his young son, when questioned concerning his intention to tolerate the general's presence in his home, "I do not think I shall drive away a man with 100,000 men at his back".



A block west of Market Street, on the southwest corner of Washington and Perry Streets, "Pickett House" offers hospitality to passing tourists. During the siege, when it was the home of Captain Robert McIlwaine, this grey stone dwelling served as the headquarters of Major General George E. Pickett. It was built in 1858 to replace the smaller structure still to be seen in the rear yard, and its lawn boasted the first fountain in the city. Although in an excellent state of repair, "Pickett House" has undergone little change in appearance since those dark days and is now the home of Miss Hibernia Friend, granddaughter of the former owner.

On the Union side there are at least two residences worthy of mention. One, known then and now as Centre Hill Mansion, is located in the northeast section of the city, on the hill of the same name, and bounded by North Jefferson, Henry, Franklin and North Adams Streets. The ancient residence, built as a family home about 1793, served in 1865 as the headquarters of the first Union

provost marshal of the city, General Hartsuff. During the siege Union shells had done considerable damage to the mansion, and one of these shells may still



be observed in one of the attic doors where it lodged. President Lincoln, when interrogated concerning the matter of rent for the Federal occupancy of the house, is said to have made the remark that the Union batteries had made rent enough. An unusual feature of the mansion was the tunnel which was constructed from its basement through the hill to Henry Street for the convenience of guests who arrived by carriage. During the siege quite a different purpose was found for this passageway. The Henry Street entrance was

blocked up and it served as an excellent shell shelter. At that time Centre Hill was the home of Mr. Robert Buckner Bolling, but it has since changed owners rather frequently, and at the present it houses the Petersburg Chapter of the American Red Cross.

Only slightly less well known is the edifice at the southeast corner of Davis and Hinton Streets, known in recent years as the "Dunlop Mansion", and for a short time after the war the headquarters of General Philip Sheridan of the Union Army. At that time it was the home of Mr. Robert A. Hamilton.

Doubtless other homes in Petersburg at that time served as temporary headquarters for the many commanding officers engaged in the battles around the city during this phase of the war, but we have mentioned all of those of which any record has so far been found. It might be of interest in passing to note the "Gee House", which formerly stood on Crater Road, just opposite the present entrance to the "Crater" Battlefield. This home was used several times by various Confederate officers because of its convenient location, and from the upstairs windows Lee and several of his subordinates are said to have watched the terrible tragedy of the "Crater" battle.

Prisons

All other "Yankees" who honored the fair city with their presence before the meeting at Appomattox Courthouse were graciously received in the several prisons reserved for this purpose, which remained their "headquarters" until their more fortunate comrades joined them. A prison for enlisted Union soldiers was located on Merchants' Island (Ettrick Island) while Union officers were confined in James McCulloch's tobacco factory, situated on the southwest corner of High and Lafayette Streets, present site of the western section of the American Hardware Company plant. McEnery and McCulloch's tobacco factory, located on the southeast corner of Washington and Guarantee Streets and burned in 1874, served as a prison for both officers and their subordinates.

Hospitals

So far we have been concerned with only the headquarters of the various commanding officers of both armies and the prisons, but this account would not be complete without some mention of the numerous military hospitals established here during the war. All but two of these were housed in converted tobacco factories (in which the city abounded) for the obvious reason that these were the most spacious buildings to be had at that time and the ones most adaptable to the purpose. Some time during the summer of '61 the Confederate States Hospital, or General Hospital as it was more commonly known, was established at West End Park, on Farmer Street. This hospital, built on the pavilion order, included many buildings and was the largest of all. Until the siege it was used chiefly for paroled prisoners of war and was under the direction of Dr. Blackwood Strachan.

Six months later, soon after the campaign of '62 opened on the Peninsula, Dr. John F. Claiborne, who was afterwards made surgeon on the General Medical Staff of the Confederate Army and executive officer in charge of all military hospitals in Petersburg, was ordered to secure a suitable building and purchase and house a large amount of ice for a four-hundred-bed hospital to be known as the Confederate Hospital. He rented the large and fairly new tobacco factory known as Ragland's, assembled his staff and supplies and thus established what was indisputably considered the best equipped and most efficient hospital of its kind in this vicinity. Even the Federal occupation officers commented on its merit. The three-story building which occupied the southeast corner of Washington and Jones Streets has long since been destroyed.

During the winter of '61-'62 the following hospitals were organized and commissioned: North Carolina Hospital in Cameron's tobacco factory, northeast corner of Perry and Brown Streets; South Carolina Hospital in Osborn and Chieves' tobacco factory, southeast corner of Washington and Jefferson Streets, still standing and marked by a plaque in west wall; and the Virginia Hospital in Watson and McGill's tobacco factory, north side of Washington Street, immediately east of the First Baptist Church. Musicians from the Army of Northern Virginia are said to have performed here during the siege for the benefit of the city's poor.



With the inconsistency peculiar to warfare, many hospital supplies, such as morphine, quinine and chloroform, were considered contraband of war and thus were practically impossible to procure. However, the officer in charge and a few zealous aides managed to keep the establishments at Petersburg well supplied during the entire period. When Lee ordered Dr. Claiborne to evacuate all hospitals in the latter part of June, 1864, the three thousand patients on the morning roll were in as good condition as circumstances and the medical knowledge



OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH



GENERAL MAHONE'S HOME - BEFORE 1874



GENERAL MAHONE'S HOME - AFTER 1874



TABB ST. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
WHERE LEE WORSHIPED-1874



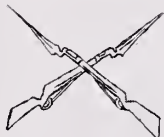
CITY HALL - OLD POST OFFICE



SOUTH CAROLINA HOSPITAL



REPLICA OF THE DICTATOR



COURT HOUSE



of that day would allow. The patients were transported to the Southside Railroad with commendable alacrity, and all hospitals were closed with the exception of the Confederate States Hospital at West End Park, the Confederate Hospital on Washintgon Street, and the Central Pavilion at Poplar Lawn, which were little exposed to fire and were kept open for the desperately wounded from the battle lines around the city.

Mention of the Central Pavilion has been purposely avoided until now because there is some mystery concerning its origin, and also because of a rather amusing incident in connection with it, related by Dr. Claiborne in his book, "Seventy-five Years in Old Virginia". Let us deal with the former first. Although there is no known record of its construction, we assume that several buildings of a temporary nature, at least one of which was a pavilion, were erected on Poplar Lawn, now Central Park, some time previous to October, 1863. Although used for some time for North Carolina troops, the hospital was reserved mainly for wounded Federal prisoners after the beginning of the siege. Despite the fact that the yellow, lace-trimmed petticoat of one of the ladies of the city was flown from its roof as evidence to the Union batteries of the nature of the establishment, the intense shelling forced abandonment of the hospital soon after the battle of the "Crater".

As for the story, it went as follows:

In the shortage of medical personnel, five captured Federal surgeons were asked to take over the Central Pavilion under the direction of a Confederate surgeon, Dr. Robert Page. The five officers consented and Dr. Claiborne, who had handled the matter, left them to their duties. Wounded Negroes were being brought in at an appalling rate from the "Crater" battle and were being laid on the grass preparatory to examination. The following day Mr. George Bolling, whose mansion was nearby, reported to Claiborne that a deplorable condition existed at the hospital and suggested an investigation. When Claiborne arrived he found approximately a hundred and fifty wounded Negroes, mostly naked, with every conceivable form of wounds and mutilation, shrieking, praying, and cursing in their agony and delirium, their wounds undressed and festering under the hot summer sun. The delinquent Federal surgeons were lounging comfortably, stubbornly refusing to work. However, when they were threatened with removal to Andersonville prison, a remarkable change in attitude was evident and they asked for another opportunity. Although everything was under control the following morning, the five surgeons had the last word. A few days later they complained of their unsafe quarters, the crudeness of the vessels in which their food was served, and, of all things, the lack of negro-white segregation among the patients. Needless to say, the complaints were ignored and shortly thereafter the plaintiffs were quietly removed.

There seems to be some evidence of a "half-way" hospital for emergency

cases in the New Market building (one author states that citizens used to tell stories of the grisly sight of piles of arms and legs made by the surgeons). But such an establishment is not listed in the records of that day. Another hospital, privately operated by the ladies of the city, in support of the existence of which there is more evidence, was established in 1862 on the northeast corner of Bollingbrook and Third Streets and was known as the "Ladies' Hospital". Sidney Lanier, who, while stationed in Petersburg, had his first warning of the disease which was to take his life so soon, is said to have been treated here. A list of military hospitals in the city as of October, 1863, includes the "Wayside Hospital" on East Bollingbrook Street. More than likely, this was just another name for the "Ladies' Hospital".

Other Buildings

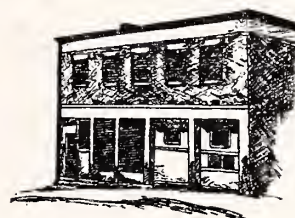
Although the damage inflicted on the old Court-house by Federal shells necessitated extensive repairs in 1877, this ancient and time-honored edifice has changed little since the conflict between the North and South and serves the community in much the same capacity as then. From its "Square" on April 20, 1861, local volunteer companies, with indignant hearts full of loyalty to the cause, marched to answer the call of Virginia. The great bell proclaimed, on the fatal ninth of June, a warning to the townspeople and the surrounding countryside of the approach of the Union cavalry, and all during the ensuing siege, the four-faced clock served as a timepiece for the enemy troops entrenched on the nearby hill. The building itself was the official Confederate headquarters during the siege.



Another public building pressed into service at that time was the old post office, now the City Hall, on the southeast corner of Union and Tabb Streets, on the roof of which a Confederate signal station was established.

Old Library Hall which stood on the northeast corner of Bollingbrook and Sycamore Streets until it was destroyed by fire in 1878, offered relaxation for hundreds of Confederate soldiers stationed in Petersburg during the siege, and was later occupied by Federal military authorities. Sidney Lanier is said to have been a frequent visitor here and to have resumed his studies which had been interrupted by the war in this library, which was the pride and joy of the city's literary-minded and which contained several thousand volumes.

A modern beauty shop now occupies the old armory of the Petersburg Artillery Company, more popularly known as Graham's Battery, which made the brilliant stand against Kautz's Cavalry on the ninth of June, 1864. Although the general appearance of the building has been altered considerably, the original walls still stand on the north side of West Tabb Street near Market Street.



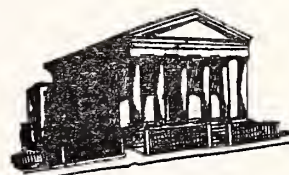
It is human nature for people to revert to the neglected habit of religion in a crisis, and the citizens of the Cockade City were no exception. Even through the most intense shelling, congregations in all the churches in which services were continued swelled noticeably as the townspeople and the military personnel sought divine guidance.

On the day after his arrival at Petersburg, General Lee attended the services conducted by Dr. Platt at St. Paul's Church and continued to worship here throughout the siege in a pew which is now marked by an engraved plaque. He returned in 1867 to witness the marriage of his son, General W. H. F. (Rooney) Lee to Mary Tabb Bolling, one of the daughters of an old and highly respected Petersburg family.



Another wedding of equal importance but of a more unusual nature was scheduled to take place at St. Paul's. In a letter to his fiancée, La Salle Corbell of Nansemond County (Lee always referred to her as "sweet Nansemond"), General George Pickett informs her of his arrangements for their immediate marriage in Petersburg "which I have planned to take place at St. Paul's Church", with Dr. Platt officiating. The letter is dated September 13, 1863, and a footnote added by the editor of the volume in which the letters are collected merely states that the wedding took place in Petersburg on the 15th of September in that same year. The church records contain no entry of this nature, so we are forced to accept or reject the above statement of the author on the available evidence. Before passing on to other subjects, we might note that the building itself was considerably damaged by the shelling, and several of the missiles may still be seen lodged in the basement walls.

Another church similarly damaged was Tabb Street Presbyterian, which, unlike its Episcopal neighbor which had been consecrated only a few years prior to the war, was already showing signs of age by this time. A tunnel constructed under the front portico which protected the congregation from the shelling



when it became too severe now serves as a shelter for the huge bell which adorned the old steeple.

Time and free enterprise have no sentiments about piles of masonry that hinder their progress. But sometimes, because of circumstances and the good impulses of a worthy few, an edifice of unusual beauty or interest is salvaged from the wreckage. Such is old Blandford Church, restored in 1901 by the Ladies' Memorial Association from the deplorable state described by an unknown poet in the famous lines, "Thou art crumbling to the dust old pile . . ." The quaint little church is now a beautiful memorial to the Confederate dead of the Civil War, to whose memory its stained-glass windows were dedicated by the thirteen Southern States. Known as the Brick Church on Wells Hill, it served the spiritual needs of the community until 1802, when a new Episcopal Church constructed near the courthouse took its place. Until the ancient structure was condemned as unsafe, it was used for the funeral services of those interred in the surrounding cemetery.



Although the crest of the hill on which it is situated was the objective of the Union forces during the battle of the "Crater", only their shells managed to reach it. All damage to the church itself was naturally erased with its reconstruction, but many of the old tombstones still bear visible evidences of the bombardment.

SOURCES:

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- Historical Preparedness Issue of Progress-Index, May 4, 1941.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

The author would like to express her appreciation to Mr. Edward Wyatt, IV and Mr. Walter McCandlish for their helpful assistance.

Literary Section



I'm Lovely---I Use Mud

By MURRAY HAUSNER

I HAD never really dreaded the barber shop, but I always considered having my hair cut as a rather annoying pastime. However, after weeks of being hounded by my ever vigilant mother, who contended that the exterior of my huge head closely resembled that of Professor Albert Einstein, though she regretted that she could scarcely say the same about its interior, I resolved to get a haircut on the following day. As it happened, the following day was Saturday and the barber shop was fairly crowded. I walked to the rear of the flourishing establishment and proceeded to take a seat. The only available chair was a tiny black and extraordinarily uncomfortable example of the carpenter's art which rose approximately eight inches from the floor. It evidently had been designed as an implement of torture in some medieval prison. An illustrated magazine of models and pin-up girls immediately engaged my artistic interests. I assumed that it had been left by a previous patron, and the various articles deeply fascinated me. The time before the proprietor was ready to work on me passed all too quickly.

As I laid this epistle of some potential literary genius aside and made my way to the soft, luxuriously cushioned barber's chair, my eyes came upon a scene of stark horror. There before me, on one of the other chairs, I saw a man whose skin was apparently white and whose face was unquestionably black—dark black. Inquiring about this amazing biological phenomenon, I was informed that he was simply undergoing a massage. The sticky black compound, the barber said, was used in order to stimulate and freshen the skin pores. To me, the “compound” looked like plain mud, but I was assured that it was made from a secret medically-proven formula, and that it was guaranteed to beautify even the most grotesque countenance. My horror was soon supplemented by amazement and a profound interest. These, in turn, were replaced by a passionate desire to ex-

perience this marvelous treatment. Often had I heard my mother reveal the wonders which a mud pack had accomplished for some of her girl friends, and this added to my anxiety. With bulging eyes and a courageous smile, I turned to the gentleman at my elbow and boldly said, "I don't know what that is—but I want it!" "Yes, sir!" was his snappy reply.

As he placed the white shroud over me, fear started to take possession of my weak mind, but it was soon dispelled as I envisioned the finished product. No longer would those "Are you ugly?" and "You too can be glamorous" advertisements arouse my jealousy. Suddenly, I felt the pang of a steaming towel thrust over my face. The imbecile must have been an amateur, for he covered my nose, and were it not for my miraculous power to breathe through my ears, I would most surely have died of suffocation. The towel was instantly removed, and soon I could feel the soothing application of the black goo to my half-cooked skin. Having smeared the filthy mess as far as was possible, or rather practical, he held a little black machine over my head. With the flick of a tiny switch, hot air started to pour over my face, and this proved extremely relaxing. The "compound", or rather the "mud", (for I am sure that is what it was) began to harden rapidly, and soon I found that I could barely move my jaw or my eyelids. What was he doing? Had the fiend gone berserk? Was this to be my death mask?

When my face became as rigid as a plaster of paris mold, I sensed another hot towel being placed on it. This served to soften the substance and the barber hastily wiped it off. After a third towel, an alcohol rub, and a dash of talcum powder—I was ready. The great masterpiece had been completed!

Having entirely forgotten about the original reason for my visit, a haircut, I paid the "artist" and walked out onto the street—a new man. The world was indeed wonderful, and I was indeed utterly beautiful.

The Flower Ballerina

By ROY ANDERSON

*A wind stirred up a gentle breeze,
Like fairies playing harps of gold.
The flowers bent down to their knees,
Like ballerinas clothed in pink
Before an audience of trees.*

*Their pale pink skirts were petals light
That swayed and whirled with every breeze.
Made luminous by moonlight bright,
They danced among the tall dark pines
Against a sky of ebonite.*

The Land of Aurum

By ANNE DOAK



WO talkative women seated behind me on the crowded trolley were busily discussing the rise in prices, a popular topic of conversation these days. I paid little attention to them, for the morning edition of the "Daily Herald" was much more interesting, until one phrase seemed to stick in my mind. I don't understand why, for it was a very trite phrase, one which I had heard often. The familiar words were "Wouldn't it be nice if money grew on trees!" Maybe the hot sun beating mercilessly down upon me had something to do with it, but those words kept ringing insistently in my ears, and every time my thoughts revolved (if thoughts do such a thing), they returned to the same point. What would the world really be like if money grew on trees?



By the time I got off the trolley at my stop, my poor brain was hopelessly muddled. Suddenly I had a curious, light feeling, as though I had been freed from my earthly body, and I was spinning rapidly through space. The atmosphere seemed to thicken, and I had difficulty getting my breath. As my head slowly cleared, I found myself seated upon a muddy-colored bank, leaning against the trunk of a great tree. For some reason, which I could not at first comprehend, trying to observe my surroundings was unusually hard on my eyes. A strange brightness equal to that of a thousand suns suffused everything and even my eyelids seemed transparent, so far as shutting out the glare was concerned.

A gentle voice from somewhere behind me obligingly informed me that I had just arrived in the "Land of Aurum", and would I like some dark glasses to relieve my eyes? I instantly replied that nothing would suit me better, and I'm afraid I was a little grumpy about it, for the little man (for such he was) seemed rather hurt. As we talked further, I noticed that his voice had a curiously sad quality, as if the cares of the whole world rested on his thin shoulders. Any remark that remotely approached humor seemed to be made in a vain attempt to lighten this burden by pretending that things weren't so bad after all.

Without further ado, the dusky spectacles were put on me, and immediately my tortured eyes could discern objects around me. When I told my new friend of this, he sadly shook his grizzled head and replied with an air of profound wisdom, "They all say that. They don't seem to realize that the nearer they come to wealth, the smaller it becomes and the greater their needs become, or that they are looking upon it through the dark glasses of greed."

I tried to look properly impressed, but already I was gazing with interest upon this strange place to which I had come in an even stranger manner. My attention was first arrested by the appearance of the little man himself. I say "little", but I say it without conviction, for his size could not be accurately judged. In fact his stature had a disconcerting way of increasing and diminishing, according to what angle you viewed him from. But, from my first impression at least, he seemed rather like a very charming little dwarf. A snowy beard hung almost to his knees, or where his knees should have been, yet his face had a rather juvenile look, as though he had never quite grown up. His withered frame was draped in a very sheer, but opaque robe, which trailed a little on the ground as he walked but never seemed to get muddy. He introduced himself as "Time", failing to attach the usual title of "Father". I did not question this strange nomenclature, for I had ceased to wonder at anything. I found him rather talkative; in fact, the remainder of my visit was spent in listening to his philosophic views while he led me through his dazzling domain.

Our path lay between symmetrical rows of trees so heavily laden with gold sovereigns that one bush would have solved the whole Greek question, and Bluebeard would have gladly donated the heads of his many wives for the possession of one burnished branch.

We had covered a good distance when the sight of a strange character gorging on the produce of the trees about him prompted me to question my companion concerning the distorted appearance of this citizen of Aurum. For he was very peculiarly proportioned, or, to be more exact, unproportioned. From his chin down he was enormous, not with a powerful, muscular physique, but with a hideously flabby fatness. Resting absurdly on this immense body was a head so small that it could easily have been mistaken for a head-hunter's shrunk-en prize. According to my loquacious guide, this deformity was due to the continuous indulgence of the appetite for wealth, facilitated by its propinquity, and the neglect of his gray matter. I could easily understand this. After all, why should one bother to acquire riches with an educated brain, when such a golden opportunity was at hand? In fact, since it was the fall of the year, it wasn't even necessary to shake the trees; the strange fruit obligingly fell into one's lap.

Abandoning the company of this dull individual, we again "hit the road." Not far ahead, what seemed to be a village came into view. There were many bright little cottages clustered around a sparkling stream. But, alas! even these were threatened by the mushroom growth of the strange vegetation. Heavily-

laden vines wrapped themselves snake-like around the small structures, and it seemed to me that I could almost see them gasping for breath. I noticed that a **quaint white church** in the center of the village was also caught in the grasp of the giant fingers. My friend pointed out a vast meadow, used by the children of the village as a playground, on one side of which men closely resembling our friend of the miniature head were busily planting young trees of the now familiar species. Not satisfied with the already over-abundant supply of gold, they were sacrificing even the play of their children for a larger share of the glittering demon.

Suddenly, I became aware of a familiarity about the scene before me. My thoughts began to fit together like pegs in holes, and I recognized the village. This was my own home town, the scene of many memories of a happy childhood. But what was the meaning of all this? Where was the pleasant little hamlet I had known so well and all the happy hard-working people who had been my friends?

My companion must have been anticipating my bewilderment, for he laid a kindly hand on my arm and said in his slow, sad drawl, "Yes, this is it. These are the ruins of all the prayers and wishes of the human race. Their greed has destroyed them and all the good things of life that they had and did not appreciate. But, my friend, you are one of the fortunate ones. You have been allowed a glimpse of the tragic folly of men's wishes. Go back now, and remember—."

As he removed the glasses, the dazzling foliage blinded me. His own figure gradually melted into the brilliance. The same airy feeling gained possession of my body, and again I was whirling, spinning through space. Somewhere a voice came to me from out of the fog. As my head gradually cleared, I realized that I was being questioned by a rather irate pedestrain who wanted to know the location of the nearest hotel. "Three blocks up, two blocks to your right," I murmured dazedly as I turned toward home.

On Winter

By HAROLD GOLDSTON

*With winter's weary winds that blow
With frigid blasts before the snow,
With falling leaves and shortening days,
In many different various ways
You suddenly begin to know
That winter's here once more to daze
With its numbing cold and barren show.*

*It comes creeping swiftly like old age
And quickly tears out autumn's page,
The lovely page of beauty fair,
For sure an autumn day is rare.
And winter comes to give its wage,
The whirling winds the trees to bare
And roaring rains to rant and rage.*

*Soon silent snow and still staunch night,
With whistling winds and pale moonlight
Will hang o'er us with gathering gloom,
And remind us daily of our doom.
That we, like all, will lose the light
And be received into earth's room.
It is the common human plight.*

*But after all, what is a man?
A pinch of dust, a grain of sand.
No matter who or what we know,
From where we came we all must go
To earth; it is our promised land,
For the gracious Master bids it so
And we cannot oppose His hand.*

Dream Season

By BARBARA PITTMAN



H, SPRING, and what could be lovelier? Spring, when all the little green things come forth to take their first peep at the world, although, considering the shape it's in now, they don't know what they're in for, but that's beside the point. I love every minute of it. Just give me one warm day, and I manage to contract a case of Spring Fever, which occurs annually about this time of year, and leaves me in a state of a sort of sweet melancholy, lasting until summer makes her torrid entrance, and lingering on in the form of rose-colored glasses and a dumb expression.

Then there's Spring cleaning in which I find treasures buried beneath accumulated magazines and papers. There's a note somebody sent me in the fifth grade, or the locket I lost two years ago, or that editorial I was supposed to have handed in to my teacher six months ago.

Next, I couldn't go without mentioning those sudden showers that come on warm days and leave the earth smelling flower-fresh, and the bright blue sky, washed to Duz perfection. It makes me want to throw away my shoes, and paddle around in the puddles with the kids next door (or should I say with the other kids? Oh, well. . .)

Then, too, the days are longer, and the moon is brighter, and "a young man's fancy lightly turns,"—which, in itself, is quite interesting.

I love to listen to the birds, South for summer vacation, making their own inimitable music, and simply ignoring Petrillo—so there!

The whole world seems to come out of hibernation. Why, this old earth has been getting that "New Look" every Spring for centuries!

The budding trees make black lace patterns against the night sky, and whenever possible, the newly-scrubbed moon is hung out to give just the right effect.

Spring makes me very energetic, too. I actually go around building things—like castles in the air. Why, I bet I have a whole colony of 'em floating around over Virginia Beach. Virginia Beach—now if you want to build a castle, that is the ideal spot! But this could go on forever, and I have to stop somewhere, so, here's to Spring, first lady of the seasons—long may she reign!

I Thank The Lord

By BILLY WILLIS

*I've seen the sun, the moonlight pale,
I've seen an orchid's ecstasy,
Seen violets so small and frail;
I thank the Lord that I can see.*

*I've heard a robin's song at noon,
I've heard the owls on nights so clear,
Heard wolves bay at the August moon;
I thank the Lord that I can hear.*

*I carry books, I plow the corn,
I work and till the fertile lands;
I straighten things when they're forlorn;
I thank the Lord I have my hands.*

*I've caught the boiling coffee's smell,
I've sniffed the perfume of the rose,
I've smelled the scented grass in the dell;
I thank the Lord I have a nose.*

*I've tasted tea, sipped nut-brown ale,
Drunk cooling water in thirsty haste;
I've eaten fruits and bread so pale;
I thank the Lord for my sense of taste.*

*I live and breathe, I know I'm free,
I run and jump, I swim and dive,
And then I start to dance with glee;
I thank the Lord that I'm alive.*

The Sun's Last Setting

By VIVIAN SWANBERG



I HAD arrived earlier in the day but being tired from my long train ride, which had brought me here from New York, I had gone to bed to rest. I awoke after having slept about two hours, and gazing out my window I was amazed at the simple beauty of this land. This quiet little Arizona town was different from the noisy mechanical city of New York, and I knew the instant I looked out of my window over the main street and on to the



mountains beyond that I would like it here. Pulling on my clothes, I went downstairs, took leave of my aunt, at whose home I was staying during my vacation, and went out into the street, a typical main street of a western town. It was a town which still had a reminiscence of the west of long ago, and a number of the people still used horses as their means of transportation. I didn't know exactly where to go and I knew I couldn't go very far away since it was getting late and my aunt was very fussy about getting to dinner on time.

So walking slowly along the street, I saw a group of young people standing, sitting, and squatting around an old man. He was the picture of a typical "old timer". He had on an old red plaid shirt, worn dark blue pants, and a battered hat. It seems to me that every man must have his favorite hat, and I guess this one was his; anyway, it looked nearly as old and worn as he. Approaching one of the boys, I asked who he was. The reply was, "I see you're a stranger here. Everybody in this town and the surrounding country knows Uncle Shep. He's the town's story-teller and each day all the kids gather here to listen to his tales."

I thought to myself he must be the "Uncle Remus" of this town. This evening he was going to tell a story of the old western topic—horses. Having nothing to do I decided to stay and listen. Before starting he looked about himself to make sure everybody was listening, took a few puffs on his old pipe, then his low clear voice told this tale:

"Not long ago, that is to say not long ago for me, one day the sun was beginning to set. It bathed the earth with its red gold rays, but by a pool of water there was a sudden flash of a brighter red. It was the mane of a horse, just visible through the trees. And what a horse! He stepped into the open and it

was as if another sun had appeared, for he was a giant fire-red roan stallion. He was big, all right, and powerful but there was about him an air of grace, of aristocracy. He held his head high in a kingly fashion. It was a beautiful, savage head and the eyes were savage too, alight with an unconquerable love of freedom. Standing there, alert, watchful, he seemed to embody the very spirit of the wild. He bent his head to drink, but his ears remained up, constantly straining to catch some sound. The sound he waited for was the thunder of hoofs, and he waited with good reason, for during the last seven days it had come every day unfailingly. With that sound came man, with his ropes and guns, just as he had come many times before, in a vain attempt to capture the big stallion. This time he had been nearly successful, and the roan had escaped only by fleeing to this unfamiliar territory. Deep in his heart he knew that he had not really escaped at all, but that the men were still behind him. He was tired and in an unknown land, yet he awaited his enemy proudly, defiantly, getting what rest he could before the chase began.

"For awhile the earth was peaceful. The breeze ruffled the silky red mane and played gently with the sweeping tail. Then as a last act of friendship, it brought to the ever-testing nostrils the scent they had been waiting for, man! The stallion snorted, reared. Now he could hear faintly those awaited hoof-beats. His shrill scream of defiance rang through the air to those oncoming ranchmen; then he whirled and raced away. Swiftly he ran, ever striving to go faster, faster. His wondrous speed and endurance had saved him many times before; they must do it again. But the men were riding fresh horses and he was tired. Ordinarily his cunning and his knowledge of the country would have enabled him to outwit them, but now he raced through an unknown land and fear raced with him. The sun sank lower and dusk began to fall. The red was straining now, forcing his great legs to keep up their pace, yet as he ran, he was a perfect example of the most beautiful thing on earth, a good horse in full motion. Tired as he was, he had a grace and rhythm in his movements that would have excited admiration in the coldest heart. The men behind him, however, thought only of his great money value and drove on mercilessly, unmoved by the beauty and spirit of the animal. As the roan, unable to turn, sped into a mountain passage, they smiled. They knew what lay ahead. The stallion did not know. He raced on, forcing his every step, his great coat wet with sweat and his nostrils flaring. If only he could find some refuge! His eager eyes took in all about him but saw no hope. Then the friendly breeze brought to him another scent. It was the smell of water and trees. The roan's ears pricked up, his tired muscles found new strength. If he could reach a forest, he could lose these relentless pursuers. If only he could reach a forest!

"The men were beginning to gain now. Slowly, surely, they moved nearer. But the stallion drove himself on, ever closer to that maddening smell. Would he reach it? Could he reach it? With a final burst of speed he swept around a

curve and flashed across a clearing, only to rear and stop. There was his water, a wide, turbulent creek filled with jagged rocks. There were his trees, green and inviting on the other side of the water. But between himself and the forest and the creek there was empty air. The stallion was standing on the edge of a high cliff which had a sheer drop of fifty feet to the rocky water below.

"The men were coming nearer now, uncoiling their lariats as they rode. Their shouts were jubilant, for their prize had no way of escaping. He was cut off. The stallion glanced about him, taking in with one sweeping look all the wild beautiful country he so loved; never again would he roam through it freely, capering and prancing with the mere joy of life. He ran a little way toward the men, and his scream of defiance cut through the air for a second time. Then he whirled and raced toward the edge.

"The horrified ranchers watched the great flanks gather and heave; then the flame-red body was hurtling out over the cliff's edge, out and out till it seemed it must take wings and fly. Then it began to drop, drop, down, down. The men turned homeward in the deepening dusk. They had failed and they would never have another chance. No human hand would ever ruffle the silky mane once touched so gently by the wind. The sun was sinking behind the mountain. A last few red rays remained, but in the creek, swept quickly along by the rushing current, there was a sudden flash of bright red. It was the mane of a horse, just visible above the water."

With the ending of his story the old man got up and left. I walked back to my room wondering over that beautiful story. I decided then to write that story when I got back to New York and have it published. I wanted everybody to know and read and love the story of "The Sun's Last Setting."

Comparison

By JOHN GREENWOOD

*Her eyes held the diamond sparkle just then,
On background of midnight blue;
When she winked shyly as woman must do,
She might have winked at you.*

*Her hair had the velvet shimmer just then,
For the moon had played on it.
Her voice was undulatingly soft
When on the grass she did sit.*

*She curtsied low to him just then,
When she drew him close to that
So pretty mouth of hers, and, Oh, how
The cat enjoyed that rat!*

Sonnets

"BELOVED FRIEND"

By BETTY MCGILL

*Beloved friend, fated soon to die
Before your time—how empty now that life
Once full of hope, how bowed before the strife
And racked with the pain of disease—yet there
you lie,
Peaceful and quiet, laughing with us—no sigh,
No word of regret, reproach, complaint—so rife
In those with lesser strength—escapes. The knife
Of pain cuts through, and shadows briefly fly
Across that lovely face. And yet how sweet
Must be the memories you hold inside
That heart, filled full with love for all you meet
In life. How strong that faith which stemmed
the tide
Of our fears. No tear may attend the fearless end
Of such a heart . . . farewell, beloved friend!*

* * * * *

A SNAIL

By THOMAS PARHAM

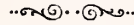
*One day while walking through a garden plot
Admiring all the beauty that was there,
A little snail my eye did quickly spot
Slowly crawling for some distant lair;
Poor thing, thought I, that you must crawl
so slow
While I have legs to carry me so fast;
It may take days for you your trip to go
For no one knows how long your jaunt will last;
You have to bear your house upon your back
And crawl through grass that seems to you
like trees,
While I move free and do not have to slack,
Because I move o'er ground with greatest ease;
But humans in their haste oft meet their fate;
You, snail, are sure to get there though you're
late.*

* * * * *

NATIVITY

By BERT STUBBLEBINE

*'Twas midnight on a starry Christmas Eve.
The congregation sat so silently;
A holy scene my eyes could scarce believe
Which told the story of the Deity.
Sweet carols sung from lofty balcony,
Like angel voices from a Heavenly throng,
Told how the wise men came the child to see,
The Christ Child they had waited for so long,
The star that guided them to Bethlehem,
Where Mary and the baby Jesus lay,
Was shining with a brighter light for them,
The dawning of a new and glorious day.
The value of my wretched life seemed naught
When I remembered all the good He wrought.*



Spring Fantasy

By MARGARET LOUISE McBRIDE

*My father called me one spring dawn
To come and look upon the lawn;
'Twas there before my very eyes,
For in a regal circle stood
A dozen toadstools from the wood.

A fairy court at twelve one night,
But only when the moon is bright,
Convenes to hold its coronation;
And lo, there in that royal ring
The fairies sit to laugh and sing.

For many nights I did not sleep;
I pondered when from woodsy deep
They'd come again to hold their court;
I never saw them at their play;
I fell asleep, to wake at day!

'Twas many, many years ago,
And now I know it can't be so;
But oh, it is so sad to learn
That what I thought was fairyland,
Was just the touch of nature's hand.*

The Elusive Rule

By JOHN GREENWOOD



MOST people have anything from neuralgia to ingrown toe nails, but I suffered for eight hours the agonies of trying to make a slide rule give the correct answers.

Everything started when I was forced to waste a perfectly good quarter in order to rent a fiendish device known as a slide rule which was unquestionably invented by a maniac. After a few preliminary instructions, the teacher showed his chemistry section how to multiply two times two and get four. After easily accomplishing this amazing feat, the instructor faced the class and said, "Try it for yourselves. Any idiot can do this with no exertion whatsoever." Well, the teacher must have been the only idiot there because no one else could make that trick come to pass.

After supper that night, I stole up the steps to my room with the slide rule in my hand, and I furtively locked the door. I sat down and eyed the lump of wood. I placed the hair line on six on the D scale and divided the six into thirty on the C scale. The answer turned out to be fifty-six. Disgustedly, I bounced the stick off the wall and gloated when it lay in two pieces on the floor. However, it wasn't broken. The C scale had merely slipped out. Wearily I tried again with eight times two. The answer came after strenuous effort, but it came in the form of sixty.

For eight long hours I struggled with the horrible rule as I pulled, pushed, slid, and kicked the C scale. Finally, a light dawned in my weary brain, and I hesitantly multiplied two times two and peeked at the answer. It couldn't be and yet there it was, FOUR. Never had I been so glad in all my life to see that homely numeral.

I leaped over the back of the chair, somersaulted over the bed, overturned a bottle of ink on the covers, and broke a picture frame as I careened madly around the turn at the landing. I burst into the front room wildly brandishing my slide rule when the dog decided he didn't like my trousers and neatly tore out the seat. Oh, well, the pants cost only twelve dollars, but what did I care, for I had mastered the slide rule. As the exultation rose within me I said, "Look what I learned to do in eight minutes!"

Jake Buckley Versus The Unknown

By WILLIAM GILLIAM



HAT'S that noise?" thought Jake Buckley as he prepared to retire for the night. "A storm a'gathering?"

The firelight encouraged this hopeful conjecture. It flickered merrily, casting brilliancy and joy to all except the remotest parts of the small room.

But Jake was still doubtful. "Can't be thunder," he assured himself. "Sounds more like people . . . noisy people . . . must be a fight . . . yeah, that's it, a fight."

The firelight did not argue.

Jake continued, "Yeah, a fight . . . big one by all appearance." There was a note of hesitancy in the low soliloquy.

A gust of wind, feeling playful, rattled the cabin's front door. Shadowy ghosts danced along the walls. The plain but sturdy furniture leaped from their recumbency.

"Comin' nearer . . . noise comin' nearer . . . what *could* it be?" questioned the lonely, pale man.

Another kiss by the wind, another ghostly dance, and he had gone to investigate. Throwing the front door open, he stepped onto the small porch. A crisp, northeasterly breeze challenged his intrusion.

"Damned wind!" the lean, gaunt man cursed, pulling a ragged, soiled coat closer about him. "What am I doin' out here?"

The answer came soon enough, for a few yards down the narrow road, surging towards the cabin, came a mob. Storm clouds, indeed, were gathering for Jake Buckley.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed and sank to the floor of the small porch.

And onward, the tidal wave! Swiftly it rolled, sucking up filthy scum along



the way. Like Mighty Wind it rushed, heeding no obstacle. With torches glowing, with voices roaring, it came. Mobs wait for nothing.

"There's th' killer, boys!"

"Git th' rope ready, Arturo!"

"We'll string 'im up at Halley's!"

Poor Jake. He could only pray, now. That would prove difficult to do; it had been so long.

"Onward, boys, onward!"

"Got that rope ready, Arturo?"

Arturo, Arturo. The tanned, young man, supposedly Jake's best friend, bore the hangman's rope. *He* was to serve as executioner!

"Off to Halley's, men! We got 'im now!" someone had shouted, and the mob had complied. A short journey, but too, too long for Jake; thoughts come easily on such marches.

"Damn, even Arturo! Thought I could count on him. . . . Gotta git free—clear myself! . . . Arturo! . . . Gotta git loose somehow . . . somehow."

Arturo also suffered. "Poor Jake. He's takin' it well enough, I suppose, but . . . too bad. Maybe though, there's *some* hope!"

Strange indeed that a hangman talks of hope!

"There she is! Good strong tree, too," someone observed. Evidently Halley's had been reached!

"Git th' rope an' let's go!"

"Come on, Arturo."

"Coming, friend."

"Up an' over that thar branch, Arturo."

"Righto."

"That a boy. We're all set."

"Hey, boys, let th' condemned say a few words."

"We can't stay *all* night."

"Well, at least bless 'im!"

"Sure, let's bless 'im. You do it, Slaughter."

"Okay. Silence, please. Silence, my friends! (Cough, cough). MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY UPON YOUR SOUL, JAKE BUCKLEY."

A strange silence. It was Jake himself who spoke next.

"And th' Lord bless yourn, too. Damned accusers, all of you! But you'll rot in Hell for it; so go ahead!"

An unknown hand stayed the crowd, but soon everything was as before; that is, almost everything.

"Th' rope's aroun' his head. Pull 'im up, Arturo!"

The tanned young man hesitated. He stared at the noose that would kill his friend.

"Hurry it up," someone urged.

"Yeah, let's go!" the crowd chimed in.

Too bad, Arturo, or did you want your friend to die? Slowly, you must pull; slowly, death will come.

"Oh, God! My God!" Jake cried out.

Arturo pulled; the branch of the tree creaked and groaned. Up, up . . . and then . . . the crowd turning away . . . Arturo praying . . . the noose untied, and a surprised Jake Buckley fell flat on the ground, unharmed!

Once again an unknown hand stayed the crowd.

Finally, fearfully, a lone voice, "An act of God, my friends."

There was something about those words that evoked a shudder.

Arturo spoke next. "Indeed an act of God! We have seen a miracle, people. God has sent down his wrath upon us; He wills that Jake be freed. Let's not disobey Him!"

"No, no! Surely not. Set him free!" someone answered.

There was general agreement with these words. The crowd turned to Jake, still lying on the ground. A pallid face met their forgiveness.

"Jake, Jake, you're to be freed!" Arturo joyfully announced.

"I—what?" the trembling man mumbled.

"You're free, Jake! Free!" Arturo repeated.

Silence, and then Jake, his voice ringing with emotion, cried out:

"Free? Ah, yes, free to die. You know, God's a pretty tricky Guy. A good Prosecutor, He is! Damn good! He can always git confessions . . ."

The crowd awaited the rest of the speech.

Jake continued, "Well, suh, I've got a little confession, that I have. Guess I'll rot in Hell, but at least th' Lord'll have *some* pity on me! Yeah, I killed her. String me up, boys; God's hand will hold th' rope this time."

The crowd, no longer a mob, could only obey. Somewhat reluctantly, they prepared a new noose and offered a new blessing. Strange to say, Arturo would not be the hangman *this* time, for he had turned and walked away. In his mind he reconstructed the whole sordid but miraculous story.

"So he's guilty after all. Too bad. Strange, though, his confessing like that. Never planned on it. Ah, poor fools, they'll never guess that it was I who staged th' miracle. Pretty clever doings, I think. Who'll ever guess that that noose was no noose at all, merely a Granny-type knot? Ah, yes, good plan! No need for it now, though—Jake's guilty!"

Leaving so soon, Arturo? Stay to see the fun.

Riches

By FRANK SCOTT

MY DREAMS

*My dreams that come
From near and far,
Sometimes of gold
Or caviar,
Are somewhat like
The evening star.*

*With little boy blue
Asleep in the hay,
Both arrive at
The close of day,
And both are just
As far away.*

TO MY LOVE

*I have no brain to write a poem;
No Stevenson am I.
I have no wealth that will last long,
The best I have, the sky.*

*I have no mansion on a hill,
No snazzy limousine.
I have no looks that Gable has,
As you have plainly seen.*

*But—I have youth's gay song and dance,
And happy dreams, and Spring,
And hope, and joy, and love, and You—
Why, I have everything!*

The Clinging Kiss

By FRANK SCOTT



SINCE a very early age I have always been very fond of all types of animals, much to my mother's sorrow. The zoological department of our house was located on the back porch. There one might find snakes, frogs, lizards, snails, horned toads, fish, and last, but not least, terrapins.

I have never been as excited, except the time I wore my first long pants, as the day my father brought me Alfonso, a terrapin. The first few days that I had him, I forgot all about my other weird friends, but paid all due attention to this new comrade of mine.

We got to know each other very well, for I took him wherever I went. In a short time I had discovered what Alfonso's chief delights were: being left alone and raw beef. Fortunately the town butcher always gave me scraps to feed my menagerie, and for this reason Alfonso was supplied with this delicacy.

I was so insanely proud of this new addition that I invited my friends over to see this wonder. Much to my dismay they did not see as marvelous a creature as I in Alfonso. Of course I had to do something about this, so I took Alfonso in my hands and stuck out my tongue to kiss him. I suppose Alfonso thought it was red beef, for in an instant he was kissing me, but not in so sweet a manner as I had been accustomed. I shrieked, I yelled, I stomped.

Rebecca, our cook who was not a member of my zoo but may be, during the present time, classified as a museum piece, heard my shrieks and came rushing to the back porch. Seeing Alfonso hanging onto my tongue, she began calling mother and rushed me up the back stairs.

My mother, in the meantime, hearing these terrifying yells, came down the front stairs. This merry-go-round business went on for a while, but one of us luckily caught up with the other. By this time everyone was in a perfect frenzy. My mother was yelling, crying, and tearing her hair, while the cook was screaming some rot about, "He won't let go till it thunders," and there I was in the middle wailing like a banshee.

This confusion went on for awhile, and then my mother—I shall never forget the expression that came over her face—grabbed my beloved Alfonso by the neck and choked him until he let go.

Now that this is over I look upon it as a joke, but I shall have to admit that here a beautiful friendship was ended.

On To Adventure

By MURRAY HAUSNER

*The snow-covered meadows lie covered no more;
The springtime has come and winter is o'er;
The clover is blooming and fields are aglow
With shimmering daisies row upon row.*

*The glistening dewdrops all vanish from sight
As the sun shows his power with radiant light;
All nature combines in magnificent scheme
To inform the world of the God all supreme.*

*Then out of a tree from his sheltering nest
Speeds a little blackbird from his mother's
breast.
How swiftly they go to horizons so blue,
Away from the earth to adventures anew.*

Old Man Winter

By BARBARA PITTMAN

*He raps with icy fingers
Upon the window pane;
He runs around the corner,
And then returns again.
He dances on the roof-top,
His hoary head a-glistening,
And, for a moment then, he stops—
As though he might be listening.*

*And now, with fiendish laughter,
He turns with strength renewed,
And whistles down the chimney,
Continuing his feud.
He makes a noisy pest,
His icy pellets throwing,
Then in a huff, he goes away,
And leaves the skies a-snowing.*

Another Cup of Coffee

By LANNY SLADE

TO THOUSANDS upon thousands of men not many miles from where the quiet figure stood, today was a day of battle; an exciting day, filled with noise, courage, and glory. But to Private Robert Roxwell, Company A, First Quatermaster Battalion, United States Army, it was just another day. Yes, it was just another day filled with hard, driving work. Even now he was stripped to the



waist, his body glistening with sweat. As he slowly piled dozens of packing cases containing K rations, he thought of earlier days. There were his days of training; he had looked forward at that time to the day when he would be a trained fighting man, bravely leading charges against crack German armored divisions. Suddenly snapping back to the present, he smiled grimly to himself. The great fighting man had gotten no farther than a very dull rear-line supply depot. Bob Roxwell was young, and he had been badly disillusioned by his rather quiet job. In the past few days he had become even more anxious to see some fighting. All at once, as these thoughts raced through his mind, Bob Roxwell dropped a loaded packing case and dashed over to his closest buddy, Bert Landale.

Now Bert, if possible, was Bob's opposite. He thoroughly enjoyed his safe job with its easy hours. Therefore, his surprise and dismay are imagined as Bob outlined a fantastic plan. Bob made the suggestion that they both desert their present jobs and head for the front, where they could, as Bob put it, "cover ourselves with glory." Although Bert believed that they would be covered with a sheet sooner than with glory, he agreed. Bert was a rather weak individual, and the prospect of escaping from work for a few days was all that prompted him to agree. His only admonition was to say, "Now, Kid, this is a crazy idea. You know it and I know it. We're fools to try it, but if we're going to, c'mon, let's get a cup of coffee." It was a small affair in itself; the army wouldn't break down because two of its members were going to "cover themselves with glory"—but this seemingly small episode would shape the destiny of the lives of two men;

two men who sat quietly at the canteen counter drinking coffee.

The woods were so oppressively dark that one could almost feel the inky blackness pressing in. To the two dim figures moving softly through the underbrush, however, this darkness was far more of a blessing than might be expected. The boys had wasted no time; after their sudden decision, they had gotten their few essentials together in their packs, had found their long-unused helmets, had grabbed their rifles, and taken a long look at their recent scene of occupation. They had struck off into the woods bordering the highway leading to the front. They had been traveling now for about two hours. As Bob explained to Bert, they had to travel by night to avoid prowling military police. The two had a system all worked out; they traveled light and fast. The front was a good hundred miles forward, and the going would be pretty rough. They would hitch rides if they could, but that was dangerous business: stray soldiers aroused suspicion. They would sleep by night in the woods and travel in the day only if it looked safe. Otherwise, the shadows of night would guard their march. Rations stolen from the mess tent at their "former quarters" would supply them with food. Even their cooking fires would have to be watched lest some curious soldier discovered their camp. Bob went to great lengths to explain this system to Landale as they moved swiftly along.

A few hours later as dawn slowly broke, the two tired deserters made a hidden camp. Ever since they had left their station Bert Landale had been growing more and more nervous. He now exclaimed unhappily to Bob, "Let's get back to camp before they string us up. We were fools to ever start, kid. I ain't got no desire for a slug in my head."

"We've started now; we can't go back," said Bob. "We'd be shot as soon as they could grab us now, anyway. Now, come on, Bert, brace up." Thus the last sparks of resistance had been put out. Apparently the little army of two men was destined to reach the front.

Three nights later, as the boys drew near the front, they saw a truck stopped near the road. This, if any, was their chance of sneaking a ride to the center of fighting. Soon they were comfortably stowed away among boxes of ammunition in the rear of the truck. Up front they could hear the driver swearing violently as he attempted to start a flooded motor. Soon it kicked over, and a few minutes after they had seen the truck the boys were racing away in it toward the distant growling of heavy artillery.

A sudden jolt awakened them and they found that they were at an emergency gasoline station right behind the front. They heard the driver talking to the sergeant in charge of the station. All at once they were frozen in their seats when they heard the driver say, "Well, I guess I'll check to make sure the load is O. K." The boys tensed, exchanged a quick nod which showed that they both understood what had to be done; then they waited. Just as the driver entered the rear of the truck, a form hurtled out of the darkness and sent him plunging

to the bottom of the truck. A brief, wild struggle ensued punctuated with pistol shots as the puny attendant fired wildly at the man dashing wildly for the truck's door. The man jumped in, however, and the truck roared away, leaving the station attendant looking at the crumpled form of the truck driver, lying where he had been thrown just as the truck started.

"Hey, Bert! What'd you do with the driver?"

"I slugged him and dumped him out," answered Bert Landale from the back of the truck. Both boys knew that the M. P.'s would be after them now for sure, and their determined knowledge drove them forward with new strength. The resounding swell of the big guns seemed to grow louder now as the big truck lumbered steadily onward through the dark night.

The earth's atmosphere seemed ready to explode with terrific force as Bob and Bert made their way slowly through the little village. Shells were screaming and buildings were being blown to pieces everywhere they looked. The two had finally reached the front line. They had left the truck parked in a side road back of the village and had walked through the village toward the heaviest gunfire. Even a casual observer could not fail to see that this was the front. Shattered piles of brick and stone stood where buildings had once been. Down one side street a crude sign pointed to a dressing station. Men could be seen walking to the station, while others not so fortunate were being captured by the Germans only a few rods to the front. There seemed to be very few litter-borne wounded, however. As Bert sadly remarked, "Maybe the German's aim is good today." The boys had seen smashed tanks, trucks, etc., all covered with a thick pall of dust from the ruined town. They had seen dozens of deserted rifles, helmets, packs also. But as yet they had not seen, nor did they care to see, any dead troops from either army. Army corpsmen were darting about everywhere, attending to a thousand and one duties. One of them remarked to Bert as he passed that many of the town's civilians had been trapped under their homes by the terrific shelling. Now as the boys passed onward, they saw a grotesque and gruesome sight. An American tank officer was lying half out of his wrecked tank. His body had stiffened into a position of complete rigidity. The ground around the tank was spattered with dried blood.

These many interesting sights were fast convincing Bert Landale that an M. P. guardhouse wasn't such a bad place, after all. Indeed, he even started for the rear, but he soon was convinced by Bob that there wasn't much difference between an M. P. firing squad and a German bullet.

Suddenly the boys awoke from the trance these sights had placed them in to find a rather worn-out looking soldier speaking to them. He said, "Listen, you drips, don't you know the attack starts in ten minutes? I don't know what outfit you belong to, but if you don't want to get picked up for being away from your post, you'd better come with me." The new acquaintance identified himself just by the name of "Sam". Soon the three men found themselves in a small grove

of trees along with several hundred other men. By the general tension one could see that the zero hour was approaching. Almost as an afterthought, Sam and Bert cooked up a quick cup of coffee. Both Bob and Bert remembered their last cup of coffee at the canteen before they started and now, just as Bob's dream of fighting was about to be fulfilled, he said calmly to Bert, "Here we go, Bert; let's hope that we prove we're worth our desertion."

And then, before any more could be said, a signal was given and the three men grabbed their rifles and moved away with the rest of the company. Soon they were running swiftly over a series of open fields, with terrific German fire of all types cutting them down much too fast. Bert Landale could plainly see the look of complete joy on Bob's face; this was plainly what he had lived for back there at the supply depot. Then, as Bert looked at Bob, there was a terrific explosion. . . .

That evening the fields and woods were filled with lost men seeking to regain their units. Although the attack had been successful, confusion was great, and Bert Landale found himself unable to locate Sam's company. Then, almost as he was about to give up, he stumbled into a clearing and found that Sam's company occupied it. Soon he located Sam, and slouched down by his fire. Sam immediately said, "Hey, Bert, where's the kid—you know, Bob?" Bert turned slowly to face Sam and said quietly, "Pour me another cup of coffee, will you, Sam?"

Cinquains

By JAMES PERKINS

IN VAIN

Around

The earth each night,

A never-ending race.

The sun tries fruitlessly to catch

The dawn.

DEFEAT

The last

Dim light of dusk,

Though struggling to remain,

Falls dead before the armies of

The night.

THE UNKNOWN

To see

A falling star

Is like a glance into

The dim mysterious world beyond

Our own.

Gone--But Not Forgotten

By GARLAND BROCKWELL



ALTHOUGH 1948 is well on its way, I just can't forget 1947, and I don't think it's too late to comment on the past year.

Yes, 1947 was a year of plenty--plenty of nothing. It was the year we went from General Ike to general strike. It was the year of the great labor organizations, mainly the A. F. of Hell.

It was the year Stalin changed from a hero to a Nero. Yes, 1947 had its great sporting events. Jersey Joe Walcott listened to the Louis theme song, "You Always Hurt the One You Glove."

However, 1947 had its pleasant happenings. In the '47 entertainment world, I noticed while in New York last summer, that Jane Russell was still featuring her two lovely attribeauts in "The Outlaw," an uplifting film.

1947, however, had its higher levels, the prices. Yes, as the prices went up, skirts came down, and women immediately started going crazy about the "New Look." It was nothing but a device by which a husband could be forced to go bankrupt if his wife dared buy a new dress or coat.

My father complained about the prices, but the Prices (who live next door) complained about my father.

At Virginia Beach last summer, one of the favorite games was "drop the handkerchief," especially when played by gals in those hankie bathing suits. I also learned that they now have bathing suits with a Venetian blind effect. I'll have to look into those.

During 1947 science tramped on. The fission was good, but the neutromists who'd split the atom began to wonder whether or not it was such a wise crack. I also hear that science cooked up a new poison which will wipe out 80,000,000--outdoing the atom bomb, and even the food in the Petersburg High cafeteria. Also during 1947, four-lane highways supplanted the old two-laners, thereby making it possible for four, instead of two cars, to pile up at once.

As for politics, it's a shame that the United Nations couldn't get together on a few united notions. Howard Hughes threatened to buy the government and fire all those nasty senators.

Well, anyway 1947 was a good year, and I shall never forget a thousand pleasant memories. Here's looking forward to as pleasant a 1948, which is well on its way.

Poems

By VIRGINIA PRICHARD

CLOUDS

*The clouds majestic drift on high;
They are unmoved by earth's swift pace;
They lonely drift without a tie
Nor long for any dwelling place.*

*When hurried in a stormy sky,
Rebellious black in wrath they roll;
No valley claims them passing by,
No lofty hill can hold their soul.*

*Like puffs of cotton floating free
Within a great bright bowl of blue,
They carefree laugh at you and me
Who must to loves and home be true.*

*I like the ties that bind me down
And envy not their ceaseless way;
For wanderlust in clouds is found,
But I'm content at home to stay.*

REFLECTIONS

*A net of diamonds sparkling bright,
Enclosing the raven locks of night,
Or tiny candles gleaming afar—
Each one by man is called a star.*

*An undulating cool green sea
Is waving endless o'er hill and lea,
Its tranquil surface stirred only by
A passing breeze, the wind's soft sigh.*

*And flames are dancers wild and bright
Who leap and whirl with fierce delight;
They hungrily ever upward turn
With bursts of passion as they burn.*

*The fog is a woman thin and gray,
Who patiently waits by the shore each day
For a lover long ago lost at sea;
He's gone, she waits for eternity.*

PRIMAVERA

*Yellow flowers brightly
Lighting up a room;
Essence, scented lightly
Bursting from each bloom;
Brightness dispelling gloom.*

*Spring within a schoolroom
Tossing golden hair,
Laughing, breathing perfume,
Spreading radiance fair;
Hope from dreary despair.*

Remembered

By JEAN GRIGG

*An old gray house that stands alone
Always catches my eye,
Forgotten now, its yard o'ergrown,
Each curious glance to defy;
But in my mind I try to see
This stately home as it used to be.*

*In all its beauty once there stood
A home which comfort bespoke,
Embracing as best a dwelling could
A group of happy folk.
Rest was there at the end of the day,
And fun at times when cares passed away.*

*Long before this street acquired
The name "unfashionable",
Before the house with age grew tired
The walls were always full—
The yard perhaps was overflowing
With children coming and children going.*

*And I never pass by without slowing my pace
Near this house that was once so fine;
I love this long abandoned place
And I wish that it were mine.
And though a little sad to me
Those walls must be filled with memory.*

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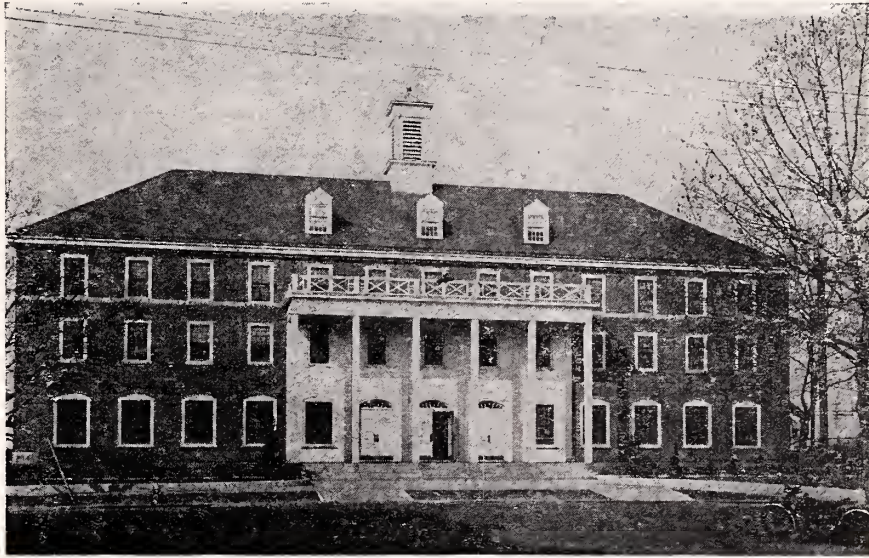
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